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THE INNER WORLD.

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AY, there is an inner world, and into it I would invite you. I would not depreciate the outer; it is worthy to be occupied—worthy to be studied, even by angels—worthy, though cursed, of its almighty Maker; its paths—so full of melody, and fragrance, and beauty—are fitted to lead to heaven, and the starry vault which overhangs them is a suitable portico to God's eternal temple. Praised be God for the world of matter, and all its accompaniments!—for the air, which not only fans the lungs and purifies the stream of life, but, at our bidding, wafts our most secret thoughts and feelings to our beloved fellow-minds; for the waters, which not only fertilize and refresh the earth, but bind its continents and islands into one brotherhood; for the light, whose vibrations enable us to touch the most distant planet, and whose rich beams overspread both earth and sky with charms!

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die." WORDSWORTH.

Praised be God for the body of mysterious senses and capacities—worthy to be the servant of a rational soul during its earthly pilgrimage, and, after having been purified in the tomb, to become a partaker of her everlasting life!

But there is another world—a world which the "vulture's eye hath not seen and the lion's whelps have not trodden"—a world whence float all those thoughts that flow over the universe and make it a volume of truth—a world in which, scorning the present, we range at will the future or the past, and, heedless of place, we share infinity with God.

When shall we enter into it? Not prematurely: "tarry at Jericho until your beard be grown." Nature designs that the early years of life should be devoted chiefly to the development of the body; hence she entices her new-born man to the green bosom of the earth, and the warm embraces of the

sun, and the full baptism of the fresh and fragrant air; hence, too, she fires him with irresistible longings to see, to taste, to feel, to leap exulting in his new-made powers. Thus she nourishes, and cherishes, and molds him into man; thus she gives him

"A spirit to her rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk and the fire therein."

At the same time she fences up the borders of the inner world. Meanwhile the goodly land of thought is germinating; and about the time of its first ripe grapes, when the outer world loses some of its charms, let the inner open its gates. This opening, however, requires patience, perseverance, retirement. Perceptions being more vivid than conceptions, we can not without effort attend to the latter in exclusion of the former. When we turn the mind's eye inward, we must either resign ourselves to the train of suggested thought from which we awake as from a dream, or we must fix our attention upon some one of the series, in which case we soon become weary, as one listening to the same frequently repeated note. If we attempt to analyze our mental state we become perplexed; for although in the outer world we are familiar with the succession of events, in the inner we find all at first in confusion. No wonder we usually remain in the wilderness of external things till some strong passion, or sense of duty, or accidental circumstance, impels us inward. Alas, how many pass through life without scarce feeling that there is a world within him!

Vancauson, the celebrated mechanic, had his taste for mechanics excited accidentally. In his boyhood he was frequently shut up in a room where there was nothing but a clock; to amuse himself he studied its construction, till, at length, he became acquainted with its parts and their relations and uses. Ever afterward he found his delight in mechanics.

Happy for many a man would it be if he could be shut up where there was not even a clock, so that he might be forced to examine the wonderful machinery of the spiritual time-piece—the immortal soul—till he understood its parts, relations, and uses! How much more likely would he be to set it by the Sun of Righteousness, that its pendulum

might swing in symphony with the spheres, and its hands go round the circle of duty in harmony with the heavens! Habitual inattention to the outer world greatly promotes attention to the inner. The more we live the life of sensation the less we do the life of reflection. "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, for they are contrary to each other." It is said of Democritus that he put out his eyes in order that he might study philosophy. The story is probably untrue; but it is certain that Poesy put out the eyes of Homer and of Milton before she lifted the veil from their glorious spirits. I pity you not, blind old bard of Scio's rocky isle, as you roll in vain your quenched eyeballs to find a ray of light, for so much the more melodious was the epic that you warbled through the listening cities of your native seas! Nor thee, thou second Homer, but greater than the first, do I pity, as you sweep from your well-tuned lyre those plaintive pentameters:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead and ever-during dark
Surrounds me."

No; I pity you not, because so much the more didst thou wander "where the Muses haunt"—so much the more did "celestial light shine inward," and raise up things invisible to mortal sight.

The patience, study, and retirement requisite that we may look inward will be well rewarded; for,

1. The inner world is a new one. The youth usually knows as little of it as of foreign land. He has, it is true, vague ideas of it, as he has of orange groves and palm-trees of which he has read but never seen. It were glorious to discover even an unknown island. Columbus, as he was approaching the New World, was accustomed to close each day, in the midst of his assembled sailors, on deck, with a solemn meditation and a hymn of praise to God. On the evening before he saw the land, and while he was gazing at the indications of its near presence, he sat musing at the stern, and as he inquired, "What is the world upon which I am entering? who are its inhabitants? how will they receive me? and what will be the consequences of my landing to myself, to Spain, to the world?" his feelings became overwhelming. But within your breast, immortal man, there is a still more glorious world. Columbus could take possession of America in the name of his sovereign only; he was to leave it almost as soon as he touched it; he could not give so much as his own name to its shores. The undiscovered continents of thought that lie within your breast you may name, and hold, and occupy at will and forever. That country which Columbus discovered was seen by millions of eyes before he saw it, and has been by millions since; but the world within you is

unlike all others, and no eye but yours can behold its scenes or trace its revolutions, except the all-seeing One.

2. This world is one of *beauty*. Lovely as is the outer world, it has no beauty in comparison with the exceeding beauty of the inner. The beauty of material things is but one; that of the mind is threefold—the beauty of the present, of the past, and of the future. I know that not *all* within is beautiful. There are marks even in the soul of dislocation and disorder; there are chasms, and storms, and deserts, often more awful than those of the external world; yet over the whole a grandeur, like to that of archangel ruined, reigns. The heavens and the earth are drawn within us in those forms in which the soul has most delight; the past, too, is there, according to the affinities of our minds. It is prevailing disposition that paints the panorama of remembered thought, and cherished joys that display the figures of the foreground; and as the canvas of memory stretches, the more charming scenes of the foreground acquire greater relative prominence, so that remembrance gives us, with ever-increasing vividness, the scenes of our earlier and happier hours, when Nature presented itself to us with all the freshness, and beauty, and purity of youth to our light and loving hearts. The village green of our boyish gambols, and the oak which first shaded our heads, and the bower where we first told our love, are the first objects on which the inner eye rests when it turns to the past. And then the persons—who are they? Those whom we first loved—and how? in their happiest moods and their sweetest expression. Do they now slumber in the narrow house? We see them not writhing in the agonies of the death-bed, or cold and motionless in the shroud. Memory can say, "O, Death, where is thy sting! O, Grave, where is thy victory!" for she gives us back the dead even in the loveliest forms they wore. The poor, bereaved Irish emigrant, when he forgets the desolation of the present, and looks into the past, sees not the darkness of the tomb. Hark!

"I am sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side."

What does he see? Hark!

"And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride."

Even though the specters of past sins and the shadows of departed sorrows arise, they come before us with softened and solacing tints, and melt the soul into a salutary tenderness, which is often felt to be luxurious. The future, too, is within. Hope—the busy artist of the mind—runs forward and paints the approaching scenes in light; and though the picture perpetually vanishes or darkens behind him, the mental limner never tires, but rushes onward, ever busy and ever brightening the future. The beauties of nature are *fixed*; not so the beauties of the mind—they are changeable at will. As the genius pores over his mental treasures,

"Anon ten thousand shapes,
Like specters trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come; the eternal heavens
Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms: now compares
Their different forms, now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns,
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies."

The beauties of nature are attended with deformities. The mind can present us with thornless roses and unmingled fragrance. Milton's Eden blooms with beauties that can be combined only in the soul.

The beauty of the inner world is an *independent* one. It is only poetically that matter can be said to have beauty at all; philosophically, beauty, like color and fragrance, belongs exclusively to spirit—

"Mind alone. Bear witness earth and heaven,
The living fountain in itself contains
Things beautiful and sublime! Here, hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces. Here enthroned
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joys."

The outward world, I know, wakes up the beauty slumbering within; but, in return for the favor, the soul throws its own charms over its senseless forms. He who would see a paradise without must first make a paradise within; then as his soul passes out through the senses, she will make ever new discoveries of beauty from the reflected hues of her own fancy, and will give every hill and promontory a new name, and derive from it a new joy, from its resemblance to some picture which the inner eye alone has seen. Hyperides once pleaded for a guilty woman; but finding that his eloquence was vain, he drew the veil from the beautiful bosom of his client, and won his cause. O could I but expose the beauties of your own breasts, I need not add,

3. That the inner world is a *sublime* one. Great extent is sublime. Hence, in part, the sublimity of the sky, the expanded seas. He who is confined within the boundaries of sense dwells in a narrow house; he who abides within occupies a large space. Deprived of all his senses, he may walk abroad, and, even on his couch of straw, enjoy a liberty that tyrants might envy, and a range that sensualists can never know. Is depth sublime? Who has stood upon the verge of the precipice, and looked from cliff to cliff? did not his eyes grow dim and his brain reel? God has said, "The heart is deep." Plummets line may fathom ocean; but who hath sounded the depths of human passion, or human reason, or human will? In thy breast is the whole history of man, past and to come, in epitome; for in it are the fountains whence all human actions flow. Look into the deep well of thy heart, and thou shalt see down into the heart of Adam. From the depths of thy reason thou canst draw up the ladder that raised Newton to the skies. Untutored slave though you may be, within

these are all the elementary principles of that philosopher's immortal demonstrations. Although thou canst not take the dimensions of the rice-field that limits thy labors, thou hast within thy mind the mathematics that can measure and weigh the most distant planet in space. Is swiftness sublime? Ask the lightning. But thought mocks its lazy foot. It touches all things with a celerity that is nearly equivalent to ubiquity; for it oversteps a space that, for its distance, can scarce be measured, in a time that, for its shortness, can scarce be noted. Is mystery sublime? How mysterious are the faculties of the mind! Imagination is the image of omnipresence. It soars backward, or upward, or downward, as on wings of light; or rushing onward, with the mien and the majesty of an angel, it may cross the boundaries of creation, and having perched on the limits of possibility, may spread its triumphant wing, and proudly perform its gyrations on the clouds beyond. Memory is the image of omniscience. It unrolls a canvas on which earth and skies are outspread; so that though the eye may be closed, the soul, within its little tenement, can examine all the hues and forms of sensible things in its impressions of the past. It sends its telegraphic wires back to the green of our earliest gambols, and, pushing its magnetic lines through the tomb, it brings us messages from eternity—the thousand joys, and kindnesses, and loves of the lost and redeemed ones. Reason is the image of divine wisdom. It gives us a knowledge of relations—in proportion to which our views expand. With nothing but perception, conception, and consciousness, we are fettered in mind as one bound to a stake would be in body. By tracing relations, we break our chains, and extend our walks farther and farther through the universe. Reason often, like the architect, looks along the chain of causes and effects, and sees results of which the agents that are to produce them have no conception. How little progress would men make without its speculations! Say that speculation is a shadow; yet by a shadow Thales learned to measure a pyramid. Say, with Aristophanes, that philosophy is in the clouds; if some one had not been there, who would have calculated eclipses? Say, if you will, that the lines of scientific light are intangible and imaginary; so are the solstices and ecliptic; but the sun observes them, and the heavens are taught by them, and the year is divided by them, and commerce, and history, and law, and love fall into order by their guidance. Say, if you will, that the speculative reason wheels in air; and what shall we say of the earth which spins on nothing yet bears you safely? You rejoice in maps, and dial plates, and steam-engines, and railways, and telegraphs; but all, all, were first drafted in the reasoning soul, as the universe was drafted in the mind of God before it uprose from chaos. Even when the labors of enlightened reason do not result in any material benefit, still they are always improving, always desirable, always grand. How superhuman

appears Pythagoras pointing out that system of the universe which it required twenty centuries of subsequent observation and study to demonstrate! How grand Seneca, when in remote antiquity he predicts the discovery of a new world upon our planet! How angelic Roger Bacon, projecting his mind so far forward of his age that his cotemporaries deemed him an infernal being, and subsequent times, whose discoveries he had anticipated, looked back upon him as a supernal one!

How grand a movement of mind is generalization! What a wonderful pregnancy does it give to words! Each general term is a swarming city of thoughts—a word may describe a weight which the planet Jupiter could not carry on his bosom, and a few figures, that we play with as a child with its toys, may be made to lift the screen from the immensities of Jehovah's works.

And what shall we say of the will? which says to the wilderness, bloom, and it is as the garden of Eden; which says to the mountain, be open, and the bowels of the rock are blasted out; which makes a path through the sea, and a pillar of cloud and fire, on an iron pathway, through the desert; which tameth the tiger, and maketh a plaything of the lion; which grasps the impending thunderbolt, and hides its powerless flash in the bosom of the earth? And O what awful power does the will sometimes exert within the dominions of the soul! See that martyr laid upon the rack! Every limb is stretched, and every nerve thrills with agony. A single word, and the prisoner will be relieved and restored to his friends. How shall he avoid uttering it? Will not his *intellect* rebel? Will not his *heart* cry out? Will not his *tongue*, for an instant, break loose? Wait and see. Hark! the heavy instrument falls, and a bone is broken, and the sharp fragments pierce through the quivering flesh. An interval follows—a dreadful interval—and, in the midst of the agony, the executioner demands the word of recantation; but that tongue which utters forth groans that make a city shudder lisps not a syllable. Slowly the instrument descends again, and another bone is broken, and another, till every limb is in fragments, and the whole body lies lacerated and bleeding; and now the executioner approaches, and the dews of death are upon the martyr's brow, and though the tongue speaks sweetly and freely of Jesus, and of the land where the weary rest, it is mute as the grave as to recantation. Zeno, on the rack, lest his tongue should betray him, bit it off, and spit it out in the face of his judge. The human will is, perhaps, the most sublime of all things. That Power which wields the lightning and moves the storm, which scatters worlds through space as the husbandman casts seed into the furrow, which by a look of terror could blast the universe, suffers the will of man to rise up against itself. How terrible looks the fabled Atreus, glutted with his banquet of revenge, when the justice of the gods comes down upon the feast! Bolt after bolt falls on every

side, yet the untamed will of the rebel, as if in triumph, looks up from the sea of fire, and cries, "Thunder, ye powerless gods; I am avenged." And such a scene—yea, and more dreadful—do we see every day enacted in the sinner's breast, where the will sits, amid the ruins of the soul, an outcast from God, and, though on earth, like Satan in the pit, saying, in its desolation, as it approaches the tomb,

"Hail, horrors! hail!
Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell,
Receive thy new possessor."

There is a power behind the will as awful as the will itself—the heart. This is the image of creative energy. To a great extent it shapes the character, molds the words, and directs the actions of men. Give me a perfect knowledge of a man's heart, and I can give you his character and course in general results. The judgment, I know, is the informer of the heart, and the memory, and the fancy, and the will, and the conscience, and the providence of God, are its checks and modifiers; but upon all of these, except the last, it has a reflex and most potent influence: sometimes blinding the judgment, giving tone to the fancy, forcing the will, and perverting the conscience. Hence, it is that part of our nature upon which chiefly the fires of depravity burn, and upon which, too, the dews of grace distill.

We are accustomed to give too much credit to intellect in the works of creative genius. Poetry, eloquence, etc., are the spontaneous results of influences little heeded and little understood. Genius, in its happiest moods, when throwing the hues of sensible things over the regions of the spirit, or the coloring of the soul over the scenery of the earth, is but sweetly yielding to the laws that shape the thoughts of the infant on his hobby. While the poet may think that he is steering his heart, his heart may be directing him, telling him where to stop in his spiritual journey, compelling him to survey the scenery around him, and even pointing him to the very colors in which he should dip his brush. The philosopher who is indignant at the prejudices of others may have his own intellect tinged with unperceived prejudices, expressed in the very words in which he declaims against the errors that he exposes. The revolt of the common mind at what seems artificial, and the great law of criticism which condemns every thing that does not seem natural, shows how little of the achievements of genius are due to his volition. To give the mind such a tone that its spontaneous suggestions shall be worthy to be uttered—this is the labor of the heart.

The heart is the index to the faculty of association. Every hill, and river, and blossom which presents itself to us opens a department of thought, and lets loose a crowd of images, grand or mean, useful or pernicious, according to our previous trains of thought; and these trains of thought depend chiefly upon the heart. To the holy, for example,

every scene brings the animating revelations of Scripture, and awakens the transporting hopes and exalting charities of the child of God; his mind always moves on consecrated ground, and his march is in a triumphal procession of sanctified saints to glory and to God; he communes with the white-robed and pure, and lives rather in the tranquil past or the jubilant future than in the dull and sinful present. For him roses are roses of Sharon, and lilies are fragrant with incense. For him Christ stands and teaches amid his apostolic band, or even in the desert; and angels leave their heavenly bowers to gather round his new-born soul in the hour of sorrow and of trial.

And who does not know the influence of the heart on the judgment? Why do poets sing better and oftener of a lost than a recovered Paradise? Why is it that genius planted in the soil of righteousness and the air of worship produces only a few fading leaves, while in the ashes of sin and the atmosphere of moral death it breaks out into gorgeous luxuriance? Why is it that the Hebrew melodies are sought after by the few, while the Don Juan is craved by millions? Why is it that the works of wickedness are often as impressive as the tempest, while the melting beams of holiness are unheeded as the sun? It is because of the power of the heart to warp the judgment.

The heart is the source of inventive genius. Will can not bring up a single thought; the heart is the wizard that evokes, shapes, and directs them all. I know it does not make thought any more than the mountains make the springs that gush from their grassy sides; but, like the volcano, it heaves up mountains within the mind, and makes a channel which gathers up and whirls the spiritual waters as they fall, and rolls them in deeper and deeper currents to the sea. It does more: it disturbs the electricity of the mental clouds, and opens the sluices of the inner skies. Let the heart be excited, and the mind needs no schoolmaster in order to express itself. What one man feels he can make another feel. I would not despise criticism or rhetoric, but we had Homer and Pericles before either. Love can pour music from its throat without a gamut; can ascend the sky, like the prophet, in its own chariot of fire; can thunder and lighten like unto him that walketh upon the wings of the wind. Don't undertake to instruct it. The eagle in his eyrie needs no anatomy in order to fold his wings around his triumphant heart, no physiology to direct his course to the morning sun. The excited soul thinks of no rules, and requires none; it seizes its figures and arguments without a consciousness of its movements, and hurls them with an energy that is like to supernatural. Sometimes it seizes and drops, builds up and destroys, engages and terrifies, with a confusion that abides no criticism, and heeds none; for it is the confusion of inspiration—an inspiration to which, however wild, common sense and philosophy alike respond in the hour of its triumphant action. Would you see one of the

grandest images of God? See the heart of Milton brooding over the chaos of his mind, and shaping and animating a universe beneath its wings, and filling the heights, the depths, the paradise, with upper, nether, or surrounding fires. Would you bring out *fully* the power of the mind, you must light up a consuming fire in the breast.

Now, in order that I be not thought transcendental, consider that although thought flows on according to the general laws of association—contrast, resemblance, contiguity, and cause and effect—these are modified by coexistent emotion, frequency of renewal, peculiarities of mental constitution, etc., and that these chiefly depend upon the heart; finally, that the stimulus imparted to the mind by intense emotion both determines its affinities and gives the tendency to suggestion by analogy, in which principally consists the charm of genius.

4. The inner world is sublime because of its influences. These extend indefinitely, but immensely, both through space and time: each moral world is related with many others. You see that star high up in the skies; should it leave its orbit, this earth would be shaken—all worlds would feel its erratic movements. Look at your soul. Its movements may be felt in hell, in heaven, raising a new wail in one or a new song in the other. The wandering of a planet affects only matter; the wandering of a soul affects rational and immortal mind. So in *time* the soul is felt afar off; it may pass from earth, yet still live beneath the sun: the oak dies, but the acorn lives. Truth springs from truth as seed from seed; though with this difference, that the crop, while of the same nature as the seed, and much more abundant, is not always its exact copy. The acorn will produce an oak to the end of time; but the *Illiad* may produce an *Æneid* in this age and a *Paradise Lost* in that; while it is bringing forth an epic in one mind, it may be producing an ode in another, a tragedy in a third, and a philosophical oration in a fourth. The history of Thucydides produced the orations of Demosthenes, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott the historical works of Guizot and Thiers.

Action is no less prolific than words. He who has no children may, nevertheless, have a numerous and illustrious progeny. His character, like Newton's, or Wesley's, or Washington's, may be a fruitful parent. Marathon was the mother of Thermopylæ, Thermopylæ of Salamis, Salamis of Plataea; the battle-fields of Greece begat those of Rome, as Cannæ and Phillipi did those of Gaul and Britain; Bunker Hill and Yorktown have descended lineally from the first mountains and fields of martial glory. The tomb of Leonidas, as long as an oration was annually delivered from its side, produced a yearly crop of heroes. The dead body of Lucretia, planted by the hand of Brutus, brought forth the living liberators of Rome; and the wounds of Cæsar's corpse, touching Plebeian sympathy, as Anthony lifted up his shroud, were the seeds

whence sprung the tyrants of ten centuries. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. Hail, Archimedes! though the sphere and the cylinder have moldered long since from thy tomb, I see thee to-day. Hail, Demosthenes! though thy voice has long since died away over thy native shores, it heaves many a living breast about me. Hail from thy grave! Hail, Paul! though Nero long ago claimed thy head, thy heart beats sacred music in a thousand pulpits to-day.

5. The inner world is eternal. Those seas must dry up and these mountains dissolve, the sun itself shall burn out, and the lamps of this temple of night may drop from their sockets, like autumn's withered leaves, but the soul of that good man shall never die. It is the holy of holies which God's chosen ministers watch over, and which mortal eye may not see; and it shall be removed with reverential care, when the cloths of this tabernacle of the body are folded up, and its boards are taken down in the grave. The faculties of his soul are holy things, which go not into darkness, but shall have an entrance ministered to them by angels of light into the temple not made with hands, where they may abide with God forever.

Such a world, young man, is thy soul; and wilt thou be dependent on external things for thy happiness, so that thou art sad or cheerful according as the wind blows hither or thither? Rather be like him whose soul is his country—his own dear native land—and to whom neither cloudless skies, nor perennial spring, nor double harvests can yield so much delight.

When we drink the bitter waters of life, or loathe the surfeit and the pestilence of its pleasures, or burn with the sting of its fiery serpents, let us go home. O glorious truth! that the mind, shut out from this scene of sensible things, can retire into its own infinite domain, and, as it moves along, arrange all things into order and symmetry by an untaught yet unerring astronomy! Thrice happy he who finds that spiritual immensity a sanctuary, sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, lighted up with the lamps of angels, radiant with the presence of God, and perfumed with his perpetual blessing. To such a one even the dungeon is the vestibule of heaven, and the scaffold a step in the ascent to glory. He can say,

"Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song, where first the setting sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beams
Flames o'er Atlantic isles, 'tis naught to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste or in the city full."

How grand a sight is the launch of a ship! As she moves from the stocks slowly down the inclined plane, with a few shouting sailors upon her deck—as she booms for the first time into the bosom of the waters, and rises and proudly rights herself upon the waves, you think of the fate that awaits her, the rich cargoes she is to bear, the multitudes

of living men that she is to hold up on her planks from the deep, billowy grave; of the communion she is to establish between distant continents; of the messages of love and the lessons of light that she is to bear to the nations; of the storms she may encounter, and the lightning that may smite her masts and wrap her sides in flame, lighting up the sea as if in mockery of the night; of the many that may plunge down from her burning bowels to rise no more, and the few that may float over the spray upon some half-burnt plank, and you feel a swelling at the heart. But what were this scene compared with one such as God might show you, if he were to convey you beyond the milky way, and point you to a new world which, perhaps, he is at this moment launching into space! Could you see the wide landscape of mountain and lake, and light breaking forth, and creation becoming warm and living; fields turning into flowers, waters floating with birds, lands bringing forth cattle, the very dust, on some fragrant eminence, turning into two human but not immortal beings—their nostrils dilating and their bosoms swelling with the breath of God—the surrounding stars crowded with excited angels, and the new seas and skies becoming vocal with the song of the sons of the morning—how would you feel? Suppose you were informed that the conduct of that new-made pair was to determine the future character of that globe: whether, as its valleys fill up with population, it shall roll onward in deeper and deeper darkness or into higher and higher light; whether it shall float in cursing and groans, or in thanksgiving and the voice of melody—how would you watch and pray over them, as if the blood would rush from your eyes and the soul sob out of your body! But the lanch of a single immortal soul into life is a grander and more awful sight than the lanch of such a world. The happiness of those millions of successive generations would cease in the grave; then misery, however intense, would terminate in death. Take the most joyous conceivable life of one of its inhabitants, or the most intense agony of another, and multiply it by millions of millions, and you have still but a *limited* joy or sorrow; but that immortal soul carries wrapt up in itself a happiness or woe that shall know no limit. As it sails out in life, it is to determine whether it shall float in the blackness of darkness forever, or circle in eternal light around the throne of God.

FUSELI, a foreign painter of eminence, after sitting perfectly silent for a long time in his own room, during "the bald, disjointed chat" of some idle callers-in, who were gabbling with one another about the weather, and other topics of as interesting a nature, he suddenly exclaimed, "We had pork for dinner to-day!" "Dear Mr. Fuseli, what an odd remark!" "Why, it is as good as any thing you have been saying for the last hour."

REMINISCENCES OF MY EARLY SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

BY REV. BENJAMIN ST. JAMES FRY.

THERE are no recollections that cling to the mind with the same tenacity as those of our early school-days. The events of that dreamy period become engraved on the mind with a pen of iron; and as we unroll the pages of past years, we are compelled to pay them due reverence. I can not well understand why this should be so. Not because of their intrinsic importance, for they had none; nor, indeed, for any permanent effect they produced on our lives, for it is quite impossible for us to conceive they have any connection with our present condition. But they come to us in all the pomp and magnificence with which we arrayed all things in those days of fancy and hope; and as they pass before us, despite the stern reality of our present situation, the old enthusiasm causes quicker pulsations, and the heart forgets its age and sorrows. We can not drive them away from our minds if we would. Time touches them with such an affectionate tenderness—such tenderness as love manifests in the sick chamber—that no decay is visible; and we are thankful for it. They are a heritage of joy—a spring of cooling waters, to which the weary spirit goes every now and then, and comes away young and refreshed.

The lessons we learned in those happy days, the position we occupied in the class, the struggle for promotion, and the hours of triumph—these have a distinctness to which the scenes of our college years can bear no comparison. The games of the school-yard—simple and foolish as they appeared to our elders—little scraps of play-ground wit, smart sayings, and innocent tricks without number, are remembered as well, perhaps better than the multiplication table. All the nameless peculiarities of the old school-room and shaded yard, even the broken panes of glass, and the low places in the fence next the apple orchard—all of these are daguerretyped on the varied page, and have an astonishing freshness. But why should I strive to present in detail all the panorama passing before me; it is a task beyond my power.

I am particularly pleased, in my vacant hours, to marshal before me all my former school-masters or mistresses, and, as they glide noiselessly along, look into their familiar faces, and see if I can detect the peculiarities by which we knew them, and sometimes in the light of youthful impudence nicknamed them. For some of these I have a happy smile and a nod of recognition; for others but a passing, unmeaning glance; and for a few some slight remnant of the old feeling of dislike, which in the days of their authority were only whispered in secret, and then in undertones. As some of these old forms are passing before me now, I shall make hasty notes and sketches of them—a somewhat dim and imperfect outline of the very perfect picture present to my own mind.

I was singularly fortunate in having for my first school-master one whom I shall never forget to love, and whose hand I should be happy to grasp once more with the pressure of a glowing affection. He was of medium size, of very gentle manners, and a mild blue eye, large and clear as a little child's, and as true an index of his mind. The warm affection of his nature was manifested in every tone of his voice and touch of his hand; and I recollect that I never once shrank from the tone of commands, nor could feel the pressure of his hand without having a sensation of delight pass over my whole frame. When the summer days came, and in the sultry afternoons drowsiness stole over me in spite of all my efforts, the fall of the dog-eared spelling-book was his signal to come and take me gently in his arms, and lay me down on a little pallet in the corner of the school-room. What refreshing slumbers and whole troops of laughing dreams I have had on that little pallet! Then when I awoke the cool water, as it flowed from the pump and touched my face, gave such sensations of delight as I have for a long time been a stranger to. Who would not be compelled to love such a school-master? It was the star of love that shed its hallowed influence in our studies, and the recollection of its kindly beams has become a source of perpetual delight. After some two years he moved away to the far-west, and has become a politician of note. I wonder sometimes if he loves children as he once did. Once since his departure I saw him; it was a few years after, and he took me in his arms and called me *his boy*.

The next one who darks the path is, in almost all respects, the exact reverse of the loved one. He was a New Englander. I can see him now—tall and lank, with long arms, a slouchy walk, and a hungry look. Our parents said he was a clever man, and apt in the qualifications necessary for a good teacher; but we of the school-room never learned to appreciate his recommendable qualities. With him came the apple sprout, the fantastical fool's-cap, standing on one leg, and exclusion from the play-ground for a whole week at a time. It was the iron rod of tyranny instead of the star of love ruled us, and we made alarming progress in mischief. There was no source of joy under our former master that he did not change into an instrument of terror; and the school-room became a place of dread, and soon truants abounded. Like all misrule, it was of short duration. When the time of his departure came, it was with a seeming satisfaction on his part, and visible demonstrations of joy on ours.

The next face as it comes is beaming with love, and an air of indescribable tenderness surrounds her petit person, which no circumstances, however vexatious, could dispel. The light, active step, which sometimes detected us in mischief; the sweet, soft voice, vibrating like the tones of a rare musical instrument; the gentle nod of recognition which we always bashfully solicited, and always

received, when we met her on the public walks, can not be forgotten by me while Memory performs her faithful task.

One evening she told us we were to have holiday for a whole week. What joyful news to school-boys! But the next morning we heard she was married, and gone on her bridal tour. Something like fear took possession of our hearts; but when she came back at the appointed time, with a face brighter than ever, we shouted for joy. And when one of us, after a long noon-time spent in consultation, and much mustering of courage, crept up to her side, and, with starting tears, asked if she was "going to quit teaching school," she put her arm around his neck, and, with a warm kiss, assured him that she would stay "a long time yet;" we were happy beyond measure, and told our parents with mingled feelings of pride and joy. But the dreaded time came at last; and one Friday evening she took us in her arms and kissed us, and told us to be good boys. We cried, and laughed, and promised faithfully to follow her wishes. I saw her a few days ago, and she is now a staid matron, with sons and daughters about her as large as her former scholars; but she is the same quiet, cheerful, happiness-making little woman that she was when we called her "*our teacher*."

There is one more; and as he approaches with slow and mournful tread, I feel the tears coming into my eyes, and the strange fascination of his eyes and voice is more than I can withstand. From the first moment that I saw him, my heart was strangely drawn toward him; yet I shrank from his touch, and felt uneasy in his presence. It was evident to the most casual observer that some great sorrow was pressing heavily upon him, and crushing his life. I have never seen a face that claimed so much sympathy as his; and I recollect one occasion, when, after sitting a long time with his head buried in his hands, he raised his face heavenward, and there was such pleading in his eyes as I have never seen before or since; then a radiant smile seemed to suffuse his whole person, and he engaged in his daily toil as usual. There was not one in the school who was so hard-hearted as to do otherwise than he commanded; and although we were all young, we knew there was a goodness about him such as this earth rarely saw.

The pale brow grew still paler, the bloom of the cheek still redder and contracted in size; and we heard our parents say he was not long for this world. They wished him to cease his labors, and assured him he should not want; but he taught till he could no longer leave his room. From this time he sank more rapidly; for it was not more than three weeks after that he was released from suffering. One evening, the third or fourth before he died, he requested to see all his scholars, and we went to his room. It was in November—a still, sad day, that seemed to be in fear of the coming storms of wild December. They raised him up when we came in, and he smiled when he saw us,

and said a very few words. There was a bright look about his face, and the old tinge of sorrow had given way to the calm confidence of contentment. It was as if he had commenced to realize the end of his sorrows. When he died the next week, we followed him to the grave; the solemnity of the scene was touching. I can see it all now, and the little knoll on which he was buried.

His was a broken heart. He had a miniature, which he requested them to put in his coffin; and those who saw it say the face was one of super-human beauty. It is more than probable neither were calculated for the stern realities of life, and they both escaped it: she with consumption, and he with a broken heart; but both with faith in the same God.

MY HEART AND HARP.

—
BY AICE.
—

Too long, my harp, thy gushing strains
Lie hushed upon the air;
Too long thy willing chords have drooped
In bitter, wild despair.

I fain would hear again the notes
That soothed my weary heart;
For O, I love the thrilling tones
Now sighing to depart!

Then linger yet, and wake to life
Thy beauteous minstrelsy;
Sweep o'er the silence of my soul
Wild, echoing melody.

There's sadness stealing o'er me now
That thou can'st bid to flee;
There's sorrow in my spirit hid,
That weeps with all but thee.

What though rude hands have touched thy strings,
And bid harsh discord rise!
I'll love thee still, my own, my harp,
Though hope grows faint and dies.

All, all I loved but thou art fled—
My glittering day-dreams gone;
And thou art changed, thy music ceased,
And all thy gladness flown.

I strive to wake some gentle lay,
As I was wont to do,
When all thy trembling chords will sigh,
And I am weeping, too.

Too long, too long, my harp, thou'st drooped—
Too long, my heart, thou'st bled;
O, we must learn the world's cold sneer,
Ere all our joys are fled!

A shade has come—a blight is felt—
A tear-drop fills mine eye;
I list—bright harp-strings swell with joy;
I gaze—light beams on high.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

BY HARRIET N. NOYES.

A JOURNEY through Vermont in the early summer presents to the traveler a picture of quiet loveliness which goes directly to the heart. Green fields and pleasant woods; spacious farm-houses far up the grassy hill-sides, and cottages nestling at the foot, half buried in shrubbery of lilacs and cinnamon roses—home scenes of content and peace are ye all to me.

On one of these sunny slopes, dismantled and discolored by a half century of sunshine and storm, stands the old church of my native village. The holiest and the dearest picture is it to-day of all that memory has treasured of the scenery around the place I once called home. Strangers have for many years sat by my father's hearth-stone. Merry voices are still ringing in the shadows of the old elm by the doorway, and willing feet go lightly through the fields, where the scarlet berries are nestling in the strawberry vines, and down through the dim aisles of the maple woods; but they are not our children. Bessie and Mary—my bright-eyed sisters—ye have found richer fruits and fairer flowers, and clearer skies are above you now!

Stranger eyes look coldly and forgetfully upon me; for the hearts that yearned toward me and loved me here, the voices that would have given me a glad welcome, are stilled forever. But within that old church I forget, for a time, the years that have gone since I stood here last.

The glory of its time, the glory of the fathers who builded it, was that goodly edifice in its better days. Though it equaled not the richness of that wondrously magnificent former temple, yet it, too, had its curtains of scarlet and fine-twined linen, its chains of wreathen work, its pillars and cherubim, its altar, and its most holy place; and no less certainly were these, to the simple-hearted worshippers, types of the glory that should follow in that city, whose light is the presence of the Lamb.

O, it has made me a child again to stand, of a June morning, within its hallowed precincts. The same childish awe steals over me as when I crossed its threshold then, and clung closer to my mother's side, as we walked up the broad aisle to the square, high-backed pews, and noiselessly seated ourselves to await the solemn service. The breath of the early summer, laden with the fragrance of apple blossoms and clover beds, comes in from the old orchard at the west windows, fresh and dewy as I remember it then; and the brown thrush and the robin sing as merrily—I wondered how they dared of a Sabbath—the same old yet ever-new carols.

Temple where my fathers worshiped—desolate, deserted to other eyes—how art thou thronged to-day! Families, far separated by sea and shore, are gathered again, each in its place, as they sat in their youth and prime. Familiar faces look down

upon me from the quaint, high galleries—faces of the young and old, of the rich and poor, of the loved, the absent, and the dead. And memory brings with these the voice of the gray-haired man, who, for forty years, here fed his flock like a shepherd, gathering the lambs with his arm and carrying them in his bosom. Even childhood forgot in his presence the observance of other objects, and remembers now only the impression left by his impassioned utterance—only its yearnings for an entrance into the better kingdom, with its gates of pearl, its crystal sea, and its innumerable company of angels.

And with the voices of the harpers come to me the voice of one who sat with me then, but since has obeyed the call, "Come up hither." Louis—Mentor of my girlhood—thou, too, art here to-day. Thou hast left me, as another Telemaque, looking earnestly upward toward the better sanctuary, yearning, hoping also to enter, as the light has flashed upon me through the doors unfolding again and again, that some other might pass in before me. Not like him, visibly upward—for even in death my feet may follow every step of thine; but down through the bitter waters agonizingly, and up rejoicingly on the other shore of Jordan.

Twenty years hast thou been a dweller there, and yet this morning those sad, serenely earnest eyes are looking again into mine as kindly as though they had not looked their last upon me—as truly as though the violet-covered turf were not blossoming above your head. In moments of sore temptation, O how many times have those same earnest eyes come between me and wrong! how often has that voice repeated its warning words! how firmly has that hand, already growing cold in the death-struggle, pressed again upon my head, till my worldly heart has grown warm again, and tears have shut away from my eyes the fascinations and follies of my life! Thank God for such memories! they never come without bringing with them a kindlier, a more patient spirit.

Who can estimate the influence of a good life? Who will assert that it lives not forever? To every one within its reach, it is an incontrovertible evidence of the sincerity and truthfulness of the man. In hours of darkness, when I have for a moment deemed religion a fable, and excellence a name, the memory of such a man has flashed upon me like a sunbeam, revealing a radiant path which went upward, shining more and more unto the perfect day. For eight years I spent my happiest hours in his study. He found me an unhappy, because unoccupied, child; shut away, by a constitutional malady, from the amusements and occupations of children of my age, without companionship, without books; for a farmer's house in those days had neither Parley's nor Sherwood's. His library opened to me a new world; he taught me how to find my dearest companionships, my nearest friends, in books and thoughts. He told me, when tired of every thing else, soothing tales of many lands—above all, of

the land which lies only in the spirit-vision, radiant with the light of God! He taught me how to live as though already beholding it; and himself taught me how glorious it is to enter in by the gates into the city.

Blessed memories of the long dead but never forgotten, whom the old church has made alive again, remain with me as I go my way, and the dusty highway of my life will seem fresh and dewy again. The world in which they live seems nearer than ever before; the future wears a serener aspect, since

"I know that each step in the pathway
Their feet have so patiently trod,
Has been bringing me nearer the glory,
Still nearer the city of God;"

and that church shall be to me, as to the dead, the vestibule to the upper and better sanctuary.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

—
BY EFFIE JOHNSON.
—

Who does not love, at the calm, quiet hour of twilight, to live again the happy hours of the past? Our early friends—how they come thronging about us, each dear, familiar face lit up by the same gentle smile as of yore! We feel the warm, thrilling pressure of the hand, which, alas! we may never grasp again. Memory, faithful treasurer, brings from her storehouse gentle looks and words of love—tones which thrill our heart-strings like some strain of half-forgotten melody. We may be cradled in luxury, our friends warm and true, and Pleasure, with her siren voice, ever wooing us onward to some new form of happiness, still there is no spot on earth so fair as the home of our childhood. The mossy dell, where we gathered the violets to adorn our sylvan palaces; the brook with whose smooth, round pebbles we have played; the wood where we sat through the long summer day, and listened to the wild, sad music of the moaning wind in the tree-tops—how dear are they all! And our early friends—never were friends so true. Our social gatherings, too—how different from the stiff, ceremonious affairs of the present!

I well remember one—a picnic party on the banks of a beautiful river, with broad, grassy banks and clustering trees. The sun shone so brightly, and far down by the river-bank the shadows were so deep and cool. Fairy forms were flitting about among the trees, and tossing the grace-hoops, with ever and anon a shout of merry laughter, as some luckless maiden found the grace-hoops about her neck—a *crowning grace* not much esteemed.

There were no fairer forms or happier hearts in that band of youth than Henry B. and his beautiful twin sister. Henry seemed the very perfection of manly beauty, with his broad, clear forehead, flashing eye, and dark chestnut curls. B., too, was a

most lovely creature. With such a clear, rosy face and dark, gentle eyes, she bore away the palm of beauty undisputed; ay, and of gentleness, too, for never was a kinder heart hidden beneath a more charming exterior. There had been a half-fearful whisper among us that consumption was the hereditary foe of the family, yet we never dreamed that H. and B. could die.

It seems but a little while—it was only two short years—when we stood within a darkened chamber, where the air and light stole softly in, as if fearful of disturbing the sleeper. A sweet, heavenly smile rested upon his countenance, as of one resting in the arms of Jesus. Long years before he had given his young heart, with all its rich treasures of affection, to his almighty Friend, and now at the hour of death he was not forsaken. O, I remember "how like a beautiful vision he faded from our sight." Day after day, as the hectic flush sat on his cheek, and his eye flashed with that fearful brilliancy, that glorious beauty, "with which consumption robs its victims," how sweetly he would speak of that heaven to which he was going! how grateful he would seem for the kind friends who were about him! That long, last sleep! A fearful awe came over me as I gazed upon the beautiful casket which had held the imprisoned soul so long. Where the green grass waves thickest, and the winds to-night are wailing their saddest requiem, is his grave.

A few years after a stranger came to our village, and bore B. away, a sad but lovely bride. Again the years rolled by. Two more years, with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows, and they brought her back to the home of her childhood.

"And on her arms lay a snow-white babe,
And the same long sleep they slept."

The village church where we had so often worshipped together was crowded to overflowing by those who had known and loved her, as the sable hearse drew nigh, and tears fell like rain-drops as they laid her down to rest.

The moon rides high in heaven, the stars beam with a gentle, chastened radiance, and a gentle whisper—may it not be the spirit of the lost ones?—tells of a land of fadeless beauty, where the separated of earth shall meet amid the light of heaven.

HINDOO CUSTOM.

It is the custom among the Hindoos when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the thrashing-floor, to take out the portion for their god. However poor, however small the crop may be, the god's portion is *first* given. Nor is it a small portion grudgingly bestowed. Would Christians in America give as heartily and abundantly, for the honor and glory of Him who has redeemed them with his precious blood, as do this poor heathen people to their dumb idols, there would be no lack in the Lord's treasury.

THE CASTLED RHINE.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM WELLS.

IN approaching the Castled Rhine, we feel that we enter a field hallowed by history and romance. We gaze on a stream that is the personification of German character, and the recipient of German enthusiasm. A short sojourn on its banks will teach us to pardon the songs sung to its praise and its memory.

The infancy of the nation has been passed among its hills, its crags, and its dells; and as our nursery rhymes teach us to lisp the name of father, and hold it sacred through life, so has the German people, from infancy to manhood, sung its affections for "*Old Father Rhine*," and so will it be till the Rhine ceases to flow and the father-land to exist.

The Rhine is born among the glaciers of the Alps and the eyrie of the eagle; passing through all the vicissitudes of life, it finds its home among the lowlands of Holland, and in the haunt of the herring. It is navigable for six hundred miles, receives the streams from more than a thousand valleys, and divides eleven nations. Its bosom has borne the victorious armies of Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, and its rolling waters tell the history of thirty centuries.

Nature and history have enriched the Rhine with brilliant gifts that the most cruel hand of fate can not blot out; it is rich in myth and fable; it is rich in song and story; it is rich in the bravery and heroism of its people. The borders of the Rhine are the classic soil of the father-land; they are doubly classic; they were once the favorite resort of a classic nation of antiquity, and from the bosom of the soil are daily excavated the monuments deposited by this nation's sons. When the Roman people fell, the region of the Rhine was the scene on which was enacted the bloody drama of early German history; on its fields was decided the fate of the nation; from its bosom sprang the first buds of German culture. These have ripened into fruit that adorn the present age, and proclaim the country watered by the Rhine, the classic ground of modern times.

Its natural beauties would alone secure it this title; its luxurious cultivation enhances their charms, and its host of flourishing cities overflows with treasures of art and industry. Its people are honest-hearted, warm-hearted, and refined—not with the refinement of the head only, but with the far more valuable refinement of the heart. Its name has always been a sweet sound to the German ear; the Minnesingers, who were the German troubadours of other days, sang their sweetest lays to the Rhine. And even to the present day, the "song of the Rhine" is the national song of the father-land.

"On the Rhine, on the Rhine,
There grows the vine,"

is a song which warms every German heart; and more than once, on its being sung, we have seen

tears moistening the eyes and trickling down the cheeks of the German wanderer, who had left his much-loved home to better his material condition or seek his fortune in a foreign land. Go into a company of Germans in our own country, and ask them to strike up the melody of the Rhine, and they do so; the party may be large and brought together by accident, but no sooner do its tones strike the ear than they find their way to the heart, and German shakes the hand of German in the all-absorbing feeling that the Rhine makes them all friends and brothers.

Whence this magic effect on the chords of human sympathy, that the very name will make them vibrate in sweet though sad harmony? Is it the fragrance of the vine-clad hills, or the noble spirit that hovers over them? Is it the deep river, with its clear green waves, or is it the beloved and much-sung shore which is reflected on their surface? Is it the bald rocks and precipices, on whose summits stand mighty castles as testimony of vanished greatness, or is it the powerful genius of the middle ages that speaks in deep, impressive tones from these gigantic ruins to the spirit of modern times? Is it historical recollection, or old familiar legends of by-gone days?—legends that have woven themselves into their spirits, grown up with their growth, and strengthened with their strength. Is it the glory of the past, the beauty of the present, or the smile of the future that steps before the German soul with the name of the Rhine? All these causes, and a thousand others, do not still exhaust the magic of the word; to the German, the Rhine is a holy stream; its shores are his only home; its hearths his only household gods. Religion and justice, civilization, refinement, and the arts have, from its valley, spread over the father-land. This fact, more than any other, throws a ray of light over the mysterious influence of its name.

Germany has no other stream like the Rhine; but an old saw calls the Rhine the king of all rivers, and the Danube his consort. The latter stream rises in the center of Germany, and attains a noble size and vast importance before leaving the country of its birth; but it only glories in its greatness while flowing through the plains of Hungary, and tracing its course, as the "dark rolling Danube," to the Black Sea of the south. We would linger a moment to compare the Rhine, the Danube, and the Hudson.

The Hudson is a glorious stream, not only the pride of the Empire state, but of the Union. The volume of waters that it rolls down past the great metropolis, is far superior to that of the Rhine; in short, European rivers are pigmies, while ours are giants. The Hudson well deserves the appellation of the Rhine of America; its romantic beauties entitle it to this; its historical reminiscences entitle it to this; the few favorite legends of our Dutch ancestors—such as Sleepy Hollow and Rip Van Winkle, whose scenes are laid on its banks—entitle it to this. There is something irresistibly attractive in

antiquity, in old age. With what filial fondness do we watch the steps of aged parents, whose tottering limbs are bearing them to their graves! How gladly do we sit and listen to the tales of yore! We extend this love to localities, even to nations. Whose heart would not throb while gazing on the Acropolis of Athens? Whose pulse does not beat with sympathy for the poor, degraded Greeks, miserable as they are now—only saved from the hands of the rapacious Turks by the protection of the combined powers of Europe? And why? There is a charm about their antiquity and early character which causes us to love them, fallen though they may be.

And there is this charm about the Hudson—to us, who, as a nation, know no antiquity, the Hudson is old and venerable—though in reality young and vigorous. As we glide down its deep blue waters, we recall the early history of our nation; we gaze at West Point, and think of the struggle of our Revolution; we look for Anthony's Nose and other well-known spots, and are reminded of many of its heroes. The Hudson is our classic stream—Irving has made it so. He has adorned its banks with classic beauties, as he has the literature of his language.

The picturesque points of the Hudson are, in many respects, not inferior to those of the Rhine. There is, on the latter stream, no spot that we consider more picturesque, more romantic than the view of the Highlands from West Point. The Hudson is, therefore, truly the Rhine of America; but it is the Rhine incomplete. It is the Rhine without giant castles crowning every peak; it is the Rhine without ivy-bound ruins peeping from every dell and vale; it is, in short, the Rhine without its legends, its history, and its time-honored glory.

But the poet hath truly exclaimed:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

There are many rivers in Europe that are beautiful besides the Rhine, and there are many beautiful in America after leaving the Hudson. But we are too apt to give to those that have and take from those that have not. Rivers, like dress, become fashionable, and when they have the vogue, a fig to those that have not.

This has been the fate of the Danube, at least as far as foreign tourists are concerned; and, therefore, we hear little or nothing of it in this country. But the Danube is a majestic stream. It is wild and solitary, its shores are covered with heavy forests, and its castles are few and in ruins. Its waters roll and boil in angry commotion, and the few peasants that reside on its banks are superstitious and boorish. But the scenery is magnificent, sublime; and to the true friend of nature and solitude the Danube is a favorite retreat from the busy haunts of men. We will leave it and return to the vineyards, the castles, the ruins, and the cities of the Rhine.

The Rhine, from Holland to Cologne, is flat and destitute of beauty. Cologne is a dirty, crooked, antique old city—full of foul scents and sweet scents. It is naturally foul, artificially sweet. Its foul scents have a remarkably strong odor of fish, and other equally agreeable perfumes. Its sweet scents, as I need hardly remark, arise from an incomprehensible quantity of Cologne water; for this foul place—listen, ladies—is the home of your "*eau de Cologne*." Every man is dealing in Cologne water, every woman is thinking about it, and every poor, luckless child that has a tender epidermis, has its daily smarts while undergoing daily ablutions. Every window, every nook, every corner is full of bottles of Cologne water. The inhabitants themselves seem, by a secret sympathy, to look very like the bottles, and one might lay a wager that they are about as full of their favorite essence, for the bottles are seldom quite full. This, then, is Cologne—a dirty, fishy place, and out of this evil cometh good; but the unfortunate Rhine is the sufferer; for

"The Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs,
What power divine,
Can henceforth wash
The river Rhine?"

Thus, once sang a poor poet who seems to have been more sensitive to fish than to Cologne water.

At this point a remarkably long bridge of boats crosses the Rhine, and the old bridge itself is sufficiently curious to attract the inquisitive. In this way one is enticed to the center of the stream, and lo! what a glorious panorama presents itself to the enchanted eye! Tempe's vale is seen beyond. There is the entrance to the beauties of the Rhine, and the garden of mountains known as the Siebengebirge—or seven mountains—so named because there are seven prominent peaks, although there seem to be hundreds of smaller ones. Rising boldly out of the stream, and almost perpendicularly, is seen the peak of the Drachenfels. It stands there like an immense giant in his coat of mail, with a helmet on his venerable brow, guarding, with a watchful eye, the entrance to the enchanted region above. This is miles beyond Cologne, and we wend our way up the Rhine, keeping an eye on this guardian of its treasures. We pass the city of Bonn, and finally arrive at the spot where

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wild and winding Rhine;
Whose breast of waters broadly swells,
Between the banks which bear the vine."

On the very summit of the gray peak are the ruins of the castle of Drachenfels; and, though towering up into the heavens, they are distinctly seen from below. The word Drachenfels means "dragon's rock;" and with this mountain is connected one of the most interesting legends of the Rhine. A terrific dragon inhabited a deep cavern near the summit of the Drachenfels, and was the

terror of the country far and near. The boatmen of the Rhine dreaded his name, and shuddered as they passed in their frail barks, lest they should become victims to his insatiable desire for blood—ever and anon a boat's crew disappeared in the neighborhood of the Drachenfels, and their fate was but too well known. Even the neighboring castles were not free from the inroads of this dire foe, and fair ladies, when wooed by noble knights, would tell their fears and dangers, and say to those who begged their hearts and hands: "Slay the dragon of the Drachenfels, and heart, and hand, and ardent love are yours." Thus many a brave knight made the terrific jaws of the dragon a cruel grave, and sacrificed his life on the altar of deep attachment. At last one more brave and powerful than a hundred knights appeared as an avenger of these long-continued wrongs. It was the Horned Sigfried, who was as brave as a lion, and even more invulnerable than Achilles. He slew the dragon and took possession of the Drachenfels, on the summit of which he erected his castle, and became the admiration of all the dwellers on the Rhine.

Another version of the legend of the dragon, shows more directly how intimately history is interwoven with story. The dragon was accustomed to attack all the vessels that passed down the Rhine, and did so with impunity, till at last there came one loaded with gunpowder. In his anger he breathed out torrents of fire and flame on his adversaries, and his breath thus exploded the powder in the vessel, and, of course, destroyed him. Here we see a symbolical allusion to the fall of the chivalry of the middle ages on the introduction of gunpowder, as this was evidently a powerful agent in producing this result, for on its introduction personal prowess and bodily strength disappeared before military skill and judgment. And thus many a historical fact wanders in legend through the mouths of the people in such a dress as to fit it to their fancy or comprehension.

The hundreds of castles that now adorn the valley of the Rhine, were little else than the abodes of powerful robbers, who made might their right. They were noble lords by their code of morals, but great brigands by ours. Time has fortunately washed away these stains and scourges, and left the ruins of their strongholds to adorn the romantic region that they once devastated. It is well for the traveler, who would enjoy their beauties, to look only at their sunny side—their romance; and this we will do.

From the summit of the Drachenfels the view is so enchanting, and presents so many different scenes, that one can not withstand the temptation of a journey to the clouds for the pleasure of contemplating things and mortals below. We land and make preparations for an ascent. Nearly every elevated spot along the Rhine, that commands a beautiful prospect, has been made, if possible, accessible by roads. True Germans shun any other mode of ascent than on foot; but the Rhine is

annually inundated with a deluge of foreigners, especially English, with a fair proportion of French and Americans. Many of these are proud, fat, and lazy; some traveling to get rid of the gout, others to wear off the blues. For this numerous body there is always a provision at the base of any of these lofty places. This provision is a large company of donkeys, some of which are always standing saddled and bridled, ready, with their drivers, at a moment's notice, to take any one to the summit.

Go with us, therefore, on a donkey ride to the heights of the Drachenfels. A motley group of all nations, ages, and sizes leave the "King of Prussia" steamer at the landing, and are no sooner on shore than surrounded by a crowd of hungry, importunate guides, all desirous of turning a penny by showing strangers the wonders of their stamping-ground. One knows the very spot where the dragon lived, another where he died; a third will show where some unlucky knight was ground up in his jaws, and a fourth looks like grief personified, while telling the doleful fate of some fair maiden, whose buoyant life and giddy folly led, or, rather, misled her within his fearful domains, from which she returned no more. Thus, amid a Babel of tongues, a jargon of dialects, and all sorts of discussion and argument, we arrive at the domicile of the donkeys. The news of an approaching band has preceded us, and a host of the patient beasts are prepared to receive us, arrayed in best bib and tucker. Some are covered with handsome cloths, and have red velvet saddles and fancy bridles, while others are as plain as pipe-stems, with scarcely a saddle to cover their homely backs—aristocracy and democracy bristled up to each other, even in the quiet and romantic home of the donkeys of the Drachenfels. But, to their gallantry be it said, the beasts with red velvet saddles are destined for the ladies of the party, and the ladies, therefore, are to be seated and arranged in said saddles. This seems quite an every-day affair; true, but is not so easily accomplished after all. All are very desirous of ascending the Drachenfels, but many of the dames have never been on a donkey, and, what renders the matter still more serious, declare, by all that's pretty, they never will get on such a stubborn beast. Several enthusiastic speeches are now delivered to the ladies by sundry members of the bolder sex, who expend a deal of eloquence in lauding the moral character and many virtues of the donkeys. Strange and unusual as it may seem, the dames and damsels all yield their position in this strife of words—they intended to do so from the very beginning—and they are safely seated on the donkeys with red saddles.

But now comes the tug of war. Some of the donkeys won't go at all, others seem amazingly inclined to go backward, a goodly number to go sideways, and the fewest of them to go straight up the hill. Madam peevishly declares she knew it would be so, and Miss laughs so immoderately at the

whole farce that she can express no opinion about the matter. At last a jolly, red-faced John Bull tunes up the favorite ditty of London cockneys:

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,
Wouldn't I wollop him?"

This idea is caught up by all the gentlemen, who commence wolloping all the donkeys amidst the screams and remonstrances of all the ladies, and, thanks to the cockney's suggestion, we arrive safely on the summit after a deal of merriment and ludicrous adventure, whose recital would fatigue you.

How quickly the scene changes here! How soon all are mute with astonishment and delight at its surpassing beauty! Below, "broadly swells the breast of waters of the wild and winding Rhine." In the distance rises peak after peak in the "Garden of Mountains." On one side the hilly shore, covered with forests of the deepest green, contrasts strongly with the terraced vineyards that advance, step by step, from the base to the summit of the opposite shore of the stream. Here is a peaceful little valley adorned by a graceful villa and tasty gardens; there is a deep, dark, rocky gorge, which was the favorite retreat of the bloody dragon. On the other shore, and nearly opposite the Drachenfels, rises a graceful peak to about half the elevation of that on which we stand. It is crowned by the remnants of a ruined castle, consisting of a single graceful arch, around which the ivy has woven its tendrils. This is the far-famed ruin of Rolandseck, the home of the brave knight Roland, and the scene of the most touching legend on the Rhine. Directly below lies the little island of Nonnenworth, nestling in the bosom of the Rhine, under the protection of the Drachenfels and Rolandseck. On this island, embosomed in the trees so that it is scarcely visible, is the old convent that is connected with the Roland story, and in which lived and died the lamented Hildegunde.

She was one of the fairest ladies that graced the halls of the proudest castle on the Rhine; and the brave Roland, the pride of this noble stream, sued for her affections, offering her his hand, his heart, his name, his life. The purity of her soul appreciated that of his, and the tendrils of her heart entwined with those of his. Their hearts, their joys, their lives melted into one. Before the silken cords of nuptial bliss had bound them inseparably to each other, and filled the measure of their happiness, the brave Roland was called away to the wars to resist the inroads of the Turks, and fight for the sepulcher of the holy Savior. On departing, he swore eternal constancy and deeds of valor worthy of him, inspired by the holy love of the fair object of his affections. His vows were not stronger than those of Hildegunde; and the matin and the vesper bells found her daily at her altar, breathing ardent prayers for his preservation and his love.

Months rolled on and no tidings of the brave Roland reached the ears of the fair Hildegunde. At last base rivals felt that they might gain so rich

a treasure as her heart. Some told her stories of his death, others of his inconstancy. To her death and inconstancy were the same. Her sorrows were those that the world could not mitigate, and she resolved to forsake it, and devote so tender, so faithful a love to the service of Him to whom she owed her being. She assumed the vail of the nun, and entered the old convent on the island below us, with a solemn vow never to leave it till she entered her tomb and sought refuge in the arms of her Maker. For months her spirit had thus communed with heaven, when the brave Roland, who had performed deeds of daring valor in battle with the Turk, returned to receive his recompense in her love. During his absence he had more than once sent tokens of his deep affections, but they were unconsciously confided to a rival's hand, and never reached the shrine which they were intended to adorn. On learning the sad history of Hildegunde's grief and resolution, his sorrow was as hers; for her vow was too solemn ever to be broken, and the walls of her living tomb she could never leave. The world was to him as to her, no more. He became the Hermit of Rolandseck, and vowed to pass his life in the castle whose ruins now adorn the peak above the island that contained all that was dear to him. From his elevated hermitage he could look down into the convent yard and daily see his Hildegunde go to the altar from which she offered up her prayers. Thus he lived for years. At last a morning came when Hildegunde's altar was left vacant. The hermit said, "She has gone to her Maker;" and the convent bells rang out the solemn peals of death. The funeral train appeared and committed her body to the tomb. The wreck of the once brave and noble Roland sat and gazed on the spot till his soul withered into the spirit-land.

Thus many of the legends of the Rhine convey the most beautiful morals, instill unswerving virtue, and inspire the purest precepts of religion. They exert a deep and lasting influence upon the people who delight in handing them from generation to generation. They are the vehicles of that depth of soul, warmth of nature, and sentimental enthusiasm of character, which so prominently distinguish the German nation. At the present moment we can trace their impress in many of the traits of the people, and even in many of their customs. Constancy, among the Germans, is the watchword of manly and womanly honor. "*German fidelity!*" they will exclaim, if they see the shadow of a doubt lingering in the heart as to the purity of their intentions. This is especially the case in the intercourse between man and woman. It is dishonorable for a gentleman to make a lady the special object of his attentions for an unreasonable amount of time without openly declaring their character and aim. When these have been declared, and are accepted and requited by the lady, they step as openly before the world as they have acted openly and honorably to each other; they

announce that they are betrothed, and by letter invite their nearest friends to the betrothal ceremony; for betrothals in Germany are a regular ceremony. In a large family none but the relatives are present. Before them the parties solemnly declare that they are betrothed in the sight of God and man, and certain papers to that effect are generally drawn up and deposited in the hands of the parents. The lady now takes the title of "bride," and the gentleman that of "bridegroom," and betrothal cards are sent to all friends and acquaintances, just as we send marriage cards; and to fill the measure of publicity, it is announced in the public journals that the parties are betrothed. In a German paper you find a list of the betrothed as regularly as the list of the married. The marriage may not follow for years; it generally does in a few months, and I need scarcely add that these betrothals are looked upon as religiously solemn and binding—they are the marriages in heaven; for you know that the Germans have a proverb which says, "Marriages are made in heaven."

A praiseworthy feature, in our humble opinion, is this frankness with which the parties step before the world; it is honor bright for them and for all. In American society one may mingle for months in a certain circle, without having the remotest idea of the position of the individuals who form that circle, thereby running dangerous risks of wounding feelings, or of having them deeply wounded; or, what is still more painful, of secretly placing affections on objects who have none to bestow in return. In the social circles of Germany a gentleman hastens to introduce a lady as his "bride;" that is, his betrothed; and the lady in turn is quite as ready to introduce a gentleman as her "bridegroom;" indeed, she feels more pride in doing this than introducing a husband; for it is the dawn of her happiness, and early joys are the most enthusiastic. Among us, a lady who would scorn to equivocate on any other occasion, feels bound by the foolish custom of society to utter a downright falsehood in respect to the most solemn relation of life, and too often denies a contract that heaven has already sanctified, as Peter denied his God.

But we have wandered far away from the peak of the Drachenfels, and, in the mean while, our little steamer has passed through the most charming variety of scenery, and arrived in sight of Coblenz and the mighty fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

Here we will grant a respite to our pen, and resume the "Castled Rhine" in another article.

LOCKE was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so extensive and deep. He replied, that he attributed what little he knew to the not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

BY REV. JOHN F. MARIAT.

DARK as the far-off, gloomy sky,
Seems the rugged path of life;
Toiling onward—pausing never,
In the long and weary strife;
But above the clouds and shadows,
Is a peaceful resting-place,
When our great life-work is ended,
When our feet have run the race.

All along the darken'd pathway,
Friends are taken from our side;
In the arms of Death, are carried
Over Jordan's fearful tide.
Sorrow here its somber mantle
Casts o'er all we love and prize;
But its gloom can never enter
Our bright home above the skies.

Forms are rising now before me,
Of the lov'd of other years;
And we journey'd on together,
With our common hopes and fears,
Until they at last were gather'd
To the city of the dead,
And the path whereon we travel'd,
Echoed to my lonely tread!

But a "still, small voice" is speaking
Words of comfort to my soul;
And the hand of Faith is reaching
From the long-sought, heavenly goal.
Now, the dark clouds that have shaded
The brief way that lies before,
Vail no more the brilliant sunlight,
Or the living stream's blest shore.

TO MY MOTHER.

BY MISS E. A. BROOKS.

WHEN the night-bird's gentle lay
Floats through the forest wild,
Dost thou think, mother, say,
Think of thy absent child?

And to her own lov'd bower,
O dost thou wander there,
And in that silent hour
Breathe forth for her a prayer?

O, didst thou know e'en then,
Thy girl was sad and lone;
And how she long'd again
To hear thy gentle tone?

And thy soft hand to feel
Upon her young head lay,
And by thy side to kneel,
And hear a mother pray?

A REVERIE.

BY FLORETTE.

It is a Sabbath morning in June, calm and peaceful as the first Sabbath of creation, when God and nature rested from the first labors. The sun casts no shadows, seeming to say, "I have shined out brightly for six days while men were at their toil. I will rest now with them." So he has thrown a cloud-vail over his face, and only peeps out occasionally with a brightening flash, such as comes from the dazzling eyes of the Circassian beauty, when, by chance, her countenance is revealed to the wondering gaze of the traveler. The leaves of the trees do not stir, for say they, "We have rustled our Maker's praises long, and will be silent once in adoration." The swallows fly high in circles and twitter loudly. Now, from the tree under the window, anon from the dark woods yonder, in whose depths we walk so much, come silvery notes, a little hushed though, as if the warblers knew their sprightliest songs would sound strangely on the quiet air. But human beings are not as nature and the *unsouled* tribes. Merry voices ringing with laughter come from the vine-clad porch of the large building opposite. There are collected a bevy of young girls exulting in the beauty of the day and happy in recounting old scenes and the pleasant sports of the last session. They are school girls, and two of them old students visiting once more their school and companions. One can easily pardon their exuberance of spirits and regardlessness of the Sabbath, for their joy is natural and they are thoughtless.

Let them be careless and joyous while they may. I can even make out their words, so still is the air and distinct the sound of their voices. Their notes will not be always so clear and full of mirth. They will not always shake the ringlets over unruffled foreheads in their gladsome merriment. Their spirits will not ever bound from their confinement with such impetuosity as now. Sorrow will soon enough cloud their brows, and worldly cares—it may be grief for dear ones lost—will school their spirits and let them into another world than that of joy.

Our students sit by their open windows conversing in low tones; not so low but that from your window under them, you can distinguish that the ladies in the porch, and not any thing in the heavens above them, are the subject of their remarks. They talk quietly, because it would be sacrilege for their voices, rough and rude, to go abroad upon the air that vibrates only with finer sounds—the melody of laughing maidens, and twittering swallows, and warbling bluebirds. There is another sound. The church-bell rings for eight o'clock. Its sonorous tones are no discords in our Sabbath harmony. They are a fitting bass in the anthem which nature is singing. Barm, barm, barm. Numerous associations are connected with the heavy strokes of that old bell. We have heard it when it

rung out merry peals—when it called devout worshippers to the house of prayer—when its solemn knell called mourners to the grave of the departed loved one. It has ceased to strike; but the air continues to quiver with a full, rich note—a liquid note it is, now dying, now swelling upon the ear, till gradually fainter and fainter it is lost in the ocean of sounds, which surround us continually, whether we listen or not.

That bell was a signal, and in obedience to its summons you can hear from every part of the old hall quick steps directed toward the chapel. It is the seminary class that meets at eight o'clock, and during the next hour that chapel will be a holy place. Confessions of error are about to be made there, and acknowledgments of Divine mercy's favor. There will be expressions of firm hope and holy, intense love, such as characterizes only the youthful Christian. The tear of penitence will flow, and the tear of joy chase hard after it. The tremors of the soul will creep to the fingers' ends as they are excited by the stirring words of some more than usually devoted one. Joys and sorrows will be mingled and interchanged. Songs will ascend to the praise of the common Father, and prayers will be uttered in unison for each other and godless companions.

Their devotions have commenced. A full chorus of many voices joins in that prayerful hymn,

"Come thou fount of every blessing," etc.,

sung to the air of "Days of Absence." With your door ajar you can hear them kneel to pray now. And fervently those words of supplication are uttered. Can it be doubted that the soul is breathed forth in them? or that the pure Spirit above will hear them? Their ejaculations are earnest and hearty; for what is so genuine as the youth's religion? There is no doubt in his heart while he is bowed there beside his room-mate. His arm clasps instinctively his brother's neck, and as the leader prays, "While we love thee, O Lord, help us to love each other also," a burst of emotion tells the sincerity of his feelings. His soul is transported. Earth and earthly joys are for a time lost in the transcendent bliss which inwraps every sensibility and leads captive every desire. But the voice of prayer ceases, and they sing again. The music this time is fainter. Their words are choked by the emotions which will not down at their bidding. Later in life, when their minds are more disciplined and their hearts fettered, it will not be so. They will kneel to pray and rise to sing, without being disturbed by choking sobs or paralyzed tongues. The fainter praise is not less acceptable to God, though. He hears the *heart-voice*, more melodious far than the tones which fall upon our ears. As they rise in turn to speak, how diversified their feelings and experience! The first one essays as if unmoved, for nature has not been wholly conquered, and he would not be so affected as to appear unmanly. But there is a big tear in each eye, and his words tremble and his lips quiver. *There*

the fountain has burst forth. Religion has conquered pride. Rapidly does his unloosed tongue articulate, and they are stirring words he utters, though artless and unpretending. He is not ashamed of tears now, and they fall thick and fast. His soul is upheaved and he pours it all forth. No thought is concealed—no weakness or sin unconfessed. He sits down amid sympathetic sobs—his last words, "Pray for me, brethren, that I may be kept faithful;" amen, is the response of every voice, and amen says *our* heart as we sit here listening and writing; nay, we unconsciously uttered it aloud. Heaven keep faithful every one of that devoted band, and make them grave tools in thy hand to cut deep the words of life on the tablet of the world! From that class-room and endeared companions; from seminary scenes and influences they must soon go forth to stem the swift currents of life and battle the enemies of truth.

What victories may they not achieve with the soul-strength they are this hour gaining! How vigorous will be the efforts and potent the influence resulting from spirits nurtured and developed by these holy exercises! Verily will they stand in high places, and sway mighty weapons in the strife of the coming age—impress their seal upon the character of the times, and, departing, leave "foot-prints" never to be effaced. But while we thus muse on their probable destiny and success, the sound of steps in the echoing halls tells us that their devotions are ended, and the church-bell again pealing invites us to public worship.

LUCRETIA.

BY HANCOCK.

LUCRETIA, as we will call the subject of our notice, was the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman who resides in one of the beautiful rural villages of Pennsylvania. She was the oldest of four daughters, and regarded by themselves as the flower of the household. It was my fortune to make her acquaintance in the spring of 1843, and from that time I had abundant opportunity of observing her upright character and unassuming piety. She was quite prepossessing in appearance, of medium height and size, of a beautiful and almost faultless form; and her beaming hazel eye, and the general expression of her regular features betokened a good nature, which rendered her very agreeable. Her hair was of deep auburn, and her voice of a silvery tone, falling musically upon the ear. Though not disposed to talk much ordinarily, and then only allowing herself liberty in the presence of chosen companions, yet, on such occasions she would show a vivacity of thought, a strength of intellect, a correctness of taste and flow of wit which spoke of the possession of a fine and well-disciplined mind. In a word, such were her ac-

complishments, natural and acquired, that she was the subject of general admiration and regard. She was a kindly, affectionate soul; and, as "love begets love," so she was a universal favorite. The children of the village loved her, the youth of both sexes sought her company, and her respect for, and attention to, the aged brought down upon her head their blessings. Nor was this all; she was a Christian, and not a half-hearted, nominal professor only. She loved her Bible, and in it found bread for her hungry spirit—the bread of life. Each Sabbath found her, while in health, in the house of God, and there, not listlessly and thoughtlessly, but engaging with spirit in the acts of devotion, uniting heartily in the song of praise, or fervently in the privilege of prayer. The Sabbath school shared her interest, and it was her delight to instruct the little ones intrusted to her care. At home her Christian deportment was blameless; indeed, she was a living evidence of the truth, the power, and the gracious influence of our holy religion. Of the time and circumstances connected with her conversion I have no knowledge, but that she was of that happy number who surrender themselves to Christ at a period almost coeval with the dawn of their moral accountability, and who suffer the divine principle "to grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength." Happy Lucretia! well would it be for the world if all would imitate thy example!

Such was she spiritually, and it was well; for, though now in the enjoyment of health, and with the promise of years of usefulness and pleasure, a sad change was soon to occur—a change which would bring into requisition all her piety and grace to sustain her. This change we will now briefly narrate.

It was in the winter of 1844, and on one of the coldest nights of that severe season, that the family were gathered close around the warm hearth, mostly engaged in an improving conversation. Suddenly a loud shout was heard; it was the alarm—fire! fire! passing from tongue to tongue, and arousing the inhabitants of the peaceful village. Almost with the sound shot up to heaven a streaming glare of livid flame, throwing its reflection upon the western sky, and guiding the citizens to the scene of the disaster. Seized with fright and a desire, if possible, to assist in arresting the devouring element, all of the family rushed to the spot, where already a large concourse had gathered. It was a large factory that was burning, and as it was impossible to save it, all that could be done was to stand by and witness the conflagration. It was a fearfully sublime spectacle. From the burning building a pyramid of flame ascended far into the sky. Ever and anon sparks and portions of the burning material were wafted far away, appearing like meandering comets in the distance. A light, as of day, was thrown upon the buildings and people around, while the sky was obscured by dense dark masses of rolling smoke, with here and there, in the horizon, a star shining in its brilliancy, appearing

like the eyes of heaven gazing on the sight. With heavy crashes, at length, the burning walls separated, and fell in blackened ruins. Gradually the flame decreased in magnitude, and the crowd slowly dispersed, seeking warmth and comfort at their homes. Among those who had rushed to the scene was Lucretia. She was but ill prepared for the exposure, having gathered up a shawl, which was the only protection, at once, for her head and shoulders. She had left a warm room, had hurried over the half mile of distance, till she was in a profuse perspiration, and then had stood in the piercing air of January watching those curling flames till she had become completely chilled, and she returned shivering to her home, alas! from that hour to fade and decline. At first it was supposed to be only a cold she had taken, which would soon yield to the prescribed remedies; but the hand of a giant had seized her, and no earthly power could remove the grasp. Her disease baffled all the attempts made to overcome it, and soon the flushed cheek and the hacking cough, the harbingers of her end, told too plainly that the citadel of her life had been invaded and was in imminent danger. All that medical skill or parental love could suggest was done, but to no purpose—the disease was making rapid advances.

It was now spring. The air was bland and refreshing; the fields, meadows, and woods were adorned with new flowers and decked in their vernal drapery, and a visit for change of air was projected and performed; but the balmy breezes refused to invigorate the youthful sufferer. She returned worse and still more rapidly declining, and it was plain that all that could be done was to smooth her pathway to the tomb with kind, assiduous, affectionate attention. She was still able to be up a part of her time, and on one beautiful spring-tide evening she was sitting on a sofa steadily watching the gorgeous sunset, when I entered the room. She looked at me, and I saw that she had been weeping—the large briny drops still glistened on her pale, wan cheek. She strove, however, to repress her emotion, and requested me, after some conversation, to hand her some medicine which was placed on a stand near by, remarking, "I will take it, but I know it will do me no good;" and then, unable to restrain her emotion longer, indulged in a flood of tears. I strove to comfort her—to give her hope, but in vain. "No," said she, "I shall die. I am not afraid to die; but it is hard to die so young. Could I take you all with me—but I must leave you here. Well, I submit to the will of God." O, I admired her affection, embracing, as it did, all her earthly friends, but I more admired that grace which had taught her submission to her Savior's will! It was not long till she was confined to her room, and then, when stretched on a dying couch, it was that religion shone brightest in her character, and that the supports of grace became more sweet and pleasant to her soul. Her young acquaintances who visited her she would solemnly

warn; words of encouragement fell from her lips unto the children of God, and especially did she prize the presence and prayers of the minister of Jesus, from whose lips she had often received the word of life. But we hasten to the closing scene—a scene which can never be effaced from the page of my memory. She now suffered from frequent spasms. It was evening. She had just recovered from one of these fearful attacks, but felt sure that the next one would remove her from earth. "Tell them all," alluding to her family and friends, she said, "tell them all to come," and soon all were gathered at her bedside. There was her aged father, her brothers and sisters, an aged aunt, who had been her faithful attendant, and, among the rest, I was privileged to behold that scene. She first addressed her weeping father, then her brothers and sisters, then her aunt, and then her friends, extending to each her shriveled, emaciated hand, and with appropriate words of comfort and advice, she bade each farewell. I can not here repeat all that she said to each; but I have no doubt that those words are indelibly estampé upon their memories. When I approached she caught my extended hand, looked expressively in my face—that look of solicitude I can never forget—and said, "Be a good boy." These words were few, but they touched my heart. I have thought of them since, and in subsequent scenes of folly they would come with power to my mind; and I know not but that, as a minister of Christ, I owe my present position, under God, to the simple words of that dying youthful saint—"be a good boy." I am sure that even now they spur me onward in the path of Christian duty.

But to return. We wept, and who could refrain from weeping there? and yet she said, "Weep not for me: I can trust in my Jesus; he will not leave me; he is my friend." Her apprehension of a speedy dissolution was but too well founded, though she lingered with us till the next afternoon, the most part of the time being perfectly prostrated. Her exit after all was sudden. She was seized with a paroxysm, and had just time to say, "Take me to the window, I want air," and then expired. Large was the concourse which followed her, on the succeeding day, to the tomb, and sincere the universal regret expressed at her departure; and while committing her remains to earth's cold bosom, but in the midst of our sorrow, we were consoled by the Christian hope of a joyful resurrection so beautifully expressed by the junior Samuel Wesley:

"Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
In luster brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-daring bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline."

I sometimes revisit the village in which occurred the incidents I have related, but never without visiting also Lucretia's grave. It is in the village graveyard, standing upon an eminence overlooking the town, and shaded by some somber pines. It is marked by a neat marble slab, bearing a brief

inscription. I never see it but I shed the tear of affection over her memory, think again of her youthful piety, her dying counsel, and her happy end, and go away resolved to be and to do good, and with renewed hope of meeting her in heaven.

Fair reader, may not you, like Lucretia, be quickly withered and early die? Attend to the description of her life, and resolve to imitate her example. Be sure that unless you also enjoy divine consolation and divine grace, you must die miserable and wretched. You can not, without it, meet death with composure. You can not conquer, as she conquered, unless you enjoy the same precious influences of that religion which supported her. Read, then, these lines with thoughtfulness, and, turning aside from the vain frivolities of this vain world, seek, as did she, the paths of virtue and of holiness. Have you friends from whom you would not think of being eternally severed? Do you desire eternal life and happiness, and the enjoyment of perpetual affection? Then imitate Lucretia by giving your heart to God, and influencing your companions to do the same. Then shall you be brought to the realization of your desire; for

"Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affection transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire."

In that clime my friend Lucretia now is; there I expect ere long to go, and there, fair reader, though strangers in the flesh, may not I expect to meet you? That you may be persuaded to live as she lived, and that, when you die, your death may be peaceful and triumphant as was hers, is the writer's sincere prayer.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

IN creating man with a nature susceptible of so many and varied emotions, and the world with so many sources of delight, God has displayed more than wisdom. The object in view must have been the happiness of his creatures, and must have sprung from a benevolence coextensive with the wisdom that designed and the power that executed. The eye looks upon nature's vast domain, and derives pleasure from every object on which it rests; but a being equal to God in power, and wanting in that love which is so conspicuous in the character of our heavenly Father, might have made this sense the source of unceasing misery, by creating every object so shapeless, loathsome, and repulsive, that sight would have been a curse from which man would have prayed to be delivered, rather than a blessing, so deservedly prized. An omniscient and omnipotent, yet malevolent being would have made

the former attributes subservient to the latter, and the creation of such a being would have been a universe of gloomy horror, bitter wailing, and hopeless despair. But love rules the wisdom and power of Jehovah; hence, the eye luxuriates in scenes of gorgeous splendor and quiet beauty; hill and dale, mountain and stream, forest shade and flowery mead have each a varied and peculiar charm; and when we look from earth to the mild evening sky, we there behold a revelation of deep and strange beauty traced in characters of flame.

Our world, too, is redolent of fragrant perfumes; and wafted on every soft gale sweet odors minister to our gratification. But it is through the ear, the charmed portal of the soul's dwelling-place, that emanations the most exquisite are excited.

The soft sigh of the evening zephyr, the swelling song of the storm, the glad notes of birds, and the silvery song of the stream find entrance there; and never do these sweet voices of nature come on a fruitless or thankless mission; their message is ever a welcome one, and at their voice the soul is glad. Music was born in heaven; for at creation's dawn the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God, in loud and melodious peals, shouted aloud for joy; and never does the human soul ascend so near that heaven, where music had its birth, as when it soars upward on the wings of song.

The world is full of music; it is heard in the rush of the river, the flow of the fountain, and the solemn swell of the sea; the wind sways the forest trees and leaves unnumbered lift up their tuneful tongues; the moan of the lofty pines is an elegiac strain, and the tangled vines are natural harp-strings on which soft winds play.

From the hour that Jubal first woke his burning shell, music has performed a glad or solemn ministry among the children of men; childhood's happy hours sped by in gay carols, and in youth love was wakened in the heart by notes soft and sweet as the wind harp's sigh; the warrior's courage has been roused by the clarion's blast, and his dying eye has lighted up at the swelling note of victory; the soul of the departing saint has been cheered by strains which seemed like the songs of waiting angels; and over graves unnumbered have its notes, in wild and solemn requiems, rolled.

Music gladdens earth, brings sleep and sweet dreams to infancy, lightens the burdens of the sons of toil, adds new charms to joy, soothes in sickness, gives wings to our devotion, sweetens even our sorrows, and hallows our tears.

All earthly scenes will close with the startling clangor of the archangel's trumpet, a new scene will burst upon our eyes, and the ceaseless melodies of the skies will begin. Let us, then, while on earth attune our hearts and voices to glad yet solemn melody, even the high praises of our God, that we may be prepared in heaven to mingle with the harper-train and join in the everlasting song. Yes, the everlasting song! for while God lives shall we too live to sound forth the praises of his name.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY PROFESSOR LATTIMORE.

FAR as star-eyed Science has wandered abroad through illimitable space, and high as Imagination has soared in its towering flight, no production of creative Power has ever been found more enigmatical, more paradoxical, more truly wonderful than mortal man. We have acquired ideas of matter and ideas of spirit, and consider them as principles mutually antithetical and incompatible as light and darkness, or heat and cold. And yet, what are we ourselves but a combination of the material and the immaterial? Between the laws which govern matter and the laws which govern spirit human intellect has never yet detected an analogy. That there is an analogy, and that these two systems of laws are not only not at variance, but absolutely harmonious, is a fact proved by the very existence of every living human being. In what that affinity consists, or what the mysterious link that so firmly binds together principles so totally dissimilar, is not yet revealed to man. We know its existence only by its effects and phenomena, and call it by the vague and strangely indefinite terms of vitality and life.

Life—its origin, its changes, and its end—has been, since life began, a theme on which the poets of the classic and of all successive ages have woven the tissue of their richest song. Philosophers, too, whether on the starlit plains of Chaldea, or reposing under the Egyptian palm and gazing upon the pyramids yet newly built, or wandering by the shady banks of the Ganges or the Indus, or walking at morning and twilight amid the green gloom of the olive groves of Academus, all alike have found in life the fascinating topic of their most profound discourses. The knowledge of the world, like that of an individual, is a work of slow and gradual accumulation. As observation renders man wiser in his age than in his youth, so is the world wiser to-day than in those distant ages before were born those olden bards, who have perpetually embalmed for us, in the pure amber of their own majestic verse, or scarce less poetic prose, the richest acquisitions their brief antiquity could afford. The individual man is a type of the race to which he belongs. To the memory of the individual there must be a correspondent element in the race, and that is history—more properly, literature or written thought, whether fact or fable. It is pleasing, and often highly instructive, to go back to those ancient sages, whose dimly distant future has been for centuries our long, long passed antiquity, and enter into their thoughts and feelings. In those days of old the mind of man was not so overgrown as now with the stifling mantle of precedent and established usage, which so obscure the divine light and the quickening consciousness of the present. Then, in the vigor of its youthful strength and simplicity, the mind was alive to all

the varied influences of the natural world. The few great truths that then, like

"The sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal, misty air,
Shorn of his beams,"

fell within the range of their limited sphere of investigation, met with a generous and cordial reception which truth finds not now in all. They stopped not to solve the problem of expediency, nor did they bow to what men now call authority; but, in the guilelessness of honest hearts, like the Ulysses of Homer,

"What they greatly thought they nobly dared."

To such an age, then, untaught, unsophisticated, it is refreshing to return, and note how men were impressed by their conceptions of human life. They lived nearer the confines of the unknown than we do now. Investigation and science had not then made the conquest of the world and of the universe, bounding its realms by the orbit of the farthest star that twinkles on the brow of night. Their cloud-land was nearer to them than ours is to us. Their Jupiter held his celestial court on the cloudy top of high Olympus. The Heavens, with all their starry host, rested on the towering heights of Atlas. Helicon, with its moss-grown rocks and shades of venerable trees, was the haunt of Apollo and the Muses; while cold and barren Cithæron was the abode of the Furies, where resounded nightly the frantic orgies of Bacchanalian revelry. At the base of Parnassus was the far-famed Delphic oracle, and hard by the Castalian Fount, fed by the perpetual snows above, and issuing from the ivied rocks, where the oracular priesthood assembled to drink draughts which might reveal to them futurity. Far on the western verge of the world, beyond the stream of Oceanus, were the Elysian Fields—the blissful home of the departed good, where the clime is eternal spring, where dark night never comes, where the blessed wander forever among bright flowers, shady groves, and murmuring fountains in perfect felicity and communion with kindred spirits. For the wicked there was the under world—gloomy Tartarus, where reign Pluto and Proserpina, where never comes the light of day or the pure breeze of heaven, but where departed souls dwell evermore in sepulchral darkness and in unbroken, sullen silence.

Equally fanciful were their legendary myths concerning the origin of man. Three thousand years ago Hesiod sang of the *Golden race*—the first created by the Olympic gods—good, perfect, and happy men, who lived on the spontaneous abundance of the earth, in ease and tranquillity, like the gods themselves. They suffered neither disease nor old age, and their death was like a gentle sleep. Afterward they became guardian spirits, watching over the living. Next came the *Silver race*—inferior to the former both in mind and body. Reckless and mischievous toward each other, they were disdainful to the immortal gods, whom they would neither serve nor respect. Jupiter, in his

wrath, buried them under the earth. The third was the *Brasen race*—warlike and terrible, of immense strength and adamant soul. They all perished by each other's hands, and descended, nameless and forgotten, to Hades. To them succeeded the *Heroic race*—far better and more just than the last preceding. But this splendid stock became extinct—some perished in the wars of Thebes and of Troy; others were removed to a happier state in the Islands of the Blessed, where they dwell in peace and happiness, reaping thrice in the year the spontaneous productions of the earth. The last was the *Iron race*—to which the old bard himself belonged, and bitterly does he lament it. The men of that age were unjust, ungrateful, and cruel; doomed to continual care and suffering, and to final extinction.

These, and such as these, were the articles of belief on which was based the religious sentiments of the classic ages. Fairy-like and dream-like as are these fantasies and fictions, they contained a hidden mine of the profoundest wisdom for those who are willing to toil manfully for the pure gold. Look through this gorgeous, airy veil of fiction, and you will read the earnest convictions, the ardent aspirations, the conflicting hopes and fears of true human hearts, upon which never beamed the clear light of revelation. Here you may observe the spontaneous and universal belief in the existence of beings superior to man. Here also may you find described the most exalted attributes with which unaided, uninspired fancy can clothe such beings. Here is a recognition of right as eternally opposed to wrong. Here is the sublime spectacle of man, unenlightened by the historic page of the sacred Scriptures in regard to the past, and uninstructed by prophetic vision in regard to the future, struggling with toil and care in the darkness which surrounds him, yet confidently asserting, from his own internal, intuitive consciousness, the divinity of his origin and the glories of his ultimate destiny in an immortal state.

In the early literature of all nations we find the claim of descent from the gods. Tacitus declares that the Germans of his day celebrated in their poetic legends the god Tuisto, and his descendant Mannus, who became the founder of their race. According to this myth, Mannus, or, in simple English, Man, was the son of the god Tuisto, whose offspring compose the great Teutonic race, a branch of which is the Anglo-Saxon.

Whether these legends originated purely in the imaginations of the early poets, whether they resulted from some deep, innate conviction and consciousness of the heart in their reality, or whether they are the faint and indistinct re-echo of some inspired voice that once came from the green hills of Palestine, where dwelt in peaceful quietude the chosen people of God, are questions that concern us not. Whatever their origin, they indicate the exalted conception which all men possess of the nobility, dignity, and value of human life. God has implanted within us a love of life, to which

but seldom does any other affection of the mind become equal or paramount. And as if this were not sufficient, the strongest of all our instincts stands as a sleepless sentinel over us to prevent us from flinging away our life in some rash moment of disappointment or despair.

Christian and savage nations place a very different estimate on the value of life. None but a Christian can understand its inviolable sanctity. Its importance as a part of our endless existence can be learned only from an intimate acquaintance with the precepts of the Bible. While the man, who is blind to the hopes and promises of revelation, becomes wholly absorbed in the concerns of the present life, deeming death the greatest evil that can befall him, and the cruel doom of an envious fate, the Christian is liable to err in the opposite extreme. Often does he undervalue the present life in his attempt to place a value sufficiently high on that which is to come. Looking constantly to a future state as the only legitimate place of happiness, he too often underrates his mortal existence, regarding it as a kind of expiatory penance, full of unmingled trouble and sorrow.

Life was given us to be loved, to be enjoyed, but not to be overrated. And though it may have much of gloom, of disappointment, and of sorrow, we are to enter upon it cheerfully, hopefully, and manfully; for if our hearts are right, we shall find even more of sunshine, of encouragement, and of happiness. The world is teeming full of happiness for us all, if we will but have it. It meets us at every step, and throngs every avenue of sensation.

The universe is constructed on the principle of compensation—force counteracts force, passion counteracts passion, good counteracts evil, and pleasure counteracts pain, in each case, however, giving the preponderance to that side which will promote the general concord and harmony of nature. Inequalities of life are oftener fanciful than real. Blessings are distributed by a more impartial hand than is generally supposed. The heart that men call smitten of God tastes many a secret pleasure unknown to the world; and he who is deemed the favored child of fortune smarts with many a secret pang of which none but himself can tell.

Are we not too frequently taught to look upon the three-score and ten years allotted us here as a state of preparation previous to the commencement of our endless life, instead of the very beginning of that life itself? The moment of birth is, in fact, the beginning of our eternal life. Indeed, death is a condition absolutely essential to our endless existence.

“The mystery of decay

Is but the promise of the coming life.
Each towering oak that lifts its living head
To the broad sunlight, in eternal strength,
Glories to tell thee that the acorn died.
The flowers that spring above their last year's grave
Are eloquent with the voice of life and hope;
And the green trees clap their rejoicing hands,
Waving in triumph o'er the earth's decay,

Yet not alone shall flowers and forests raise
The voice of triumph and the hymn of life.
The insect brood are there!—each painted wing
That flutters in the sunshine, broke but now
From the close cerements of a worm's own shroud,
Is telling, as it flies, how life may spring
In its glad beauty from the gloom of death.
Where the crushed mold beneath the sunken foot
Seems but the sepulcher of old decay,
Turn thou a keener glance, and thou 'halt find
The gathered myriads of a mimic world.
The breath of evening and the sultry morn
Bears on its wing a cloud of witnesses,
That earth from her unnumbered caves of death
Sends forth a mightier tide of teeming life."

How beautiful is the economy of life! How eloquent in the praise of Him who gave it! In infancy compensation is made for our helplessness and dependency by the watchful and tender assiduity of parental love. Our instruction was deemed not a task, but a privilege, by those who watched with affectionate solicitude for the first unfoldings of thought and of intelligence, and whose changeless love drew forth the first warm outgoings of filial attachment from our guileless hearts, as they taught our lisping infancy to pray to that great and good Being who dwells in heaven. Next comes hopeful, joyous, elastic youth, with all its indomitable perseverance and its strength of iron will, its high ambition, its insatiable longings, and its shadowy, delicious dreams of the future. What incentives save such as these could stimulate a youthful being to the performance of his herculean task? Without experience, ignorant of what may befall him in the future, he rushes on to his unseen goal, obedient to the native impulse of his own heart, in which he trusts with a confiding reliance of faith that is truly sublime. He sighs not for the heaven that lay about him in his infancy, as it fades from his view in the receding distance of the past. For him the golden hours of the present pass but too slowly, while

"Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age."

When the sparkle and effervescence of youth is past, and the cup of life grows clear and calm, then come the days, the years, of patient, intense, and unremitting, though not unhappy toil. Life becomes something earnest—something real. Many an air-built castle of our youthful dreams, though brave, and strong, and high, unexpectedly tumbles in ruins about our pathway, to obstruct our onward march. The balmy, ethereal May-day of life is gone, and the heat and glow of the long, long summer is upon us. There is no rest—no cessation—no return. Next life falls "into the sear, the yellow leaf"—the calm, reflective autumn of man's existence—the time to garner up the fruits of a peaceful, well-spent life, and

"Walk thoughtful on the solemn, silent shore
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

Such are the natural changes incident to our mortal life. To us some of them are sure, and all are possible. Shrink not from them; they are in

the order of providence. Experience is the chief object of our existence on earth. Without it, life passes over us in vain, and we are unprepared for heaven when that dark-winged angel calls us, to whose stern command there can be no refusal or delay.

Though harsh and bitter for the present may seem our trials—though our hearts be wrung with anguish, with disappointment, or bereavement, there comes a time when we shall see and know the object of all our suffering here—when we shall trace backward, through the long, long past, the inexplicable designs of Providence at which we so blindly repined. Then shall we joyfully acknowledge Him good and merciful in all his dealings, "and justify the ways of God to man."

The idea is abroad in the world that the different periods of life are naturally uncongenial to each other. Accordingly a broad line of division separates society into two great classes—the young and the old. The young carefully avoid the society of the old, and the old are too dignified to mingle in the society of the young. Such a distinction is not nature's arrangement. The family circle is the true type of nature's plan, where youth relies upon the judgment, wisdom, and discretion of age, while age lives over its life again in the joyful, exultant, sinless happiness of childhood and youth. There naturally is a congeniality between the old and the young. Who so sincerely as the child reveres the man of venerable age? Who can so fully appreciate the happiness and innocence of youth as he from whose heart the vigor of earlier years has departed to return no more? Alas, for the young man in whose bosom glows no generous sentiment of respect for the white-haired patriarch who dwells on the confines of the invisible world! Alas, for the old man in whose heart the sanguine hopes, the high resolves, the joyful outbursts of young and exuberant life find no kind response of sympathy! Woe to the man who grows old in heart! He is recreant to the duty which he owes society.

The social relations of life conform to the great law of compensation. The young excel in energy, tireless and undaunted by frequent disappointment, while they lack the sober wisdom of experience; while the old, in whom the fires of life burn low, lack the vigor and perseverance of youth, they are able to supply its defect of prudence from the observations of many years. The world has always loved a cheerful old man, from the days of Anacreon, who sung,

"How I love the hoary sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart—his heart is young."

Then live, loving life as nature bids you—neither clinging to it with the unrelaxing grasp of the beast that knows no hereafter, nor peevishly repining at its fancied afflictions, nor mourning your long exile from your home in heaven. Whether

it is best to live long or die soon we know not,
neither can we know.

"We live in deeds, not years—in thoughts, not breaths—
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

So live that in the spiritual life you will recall the thoughts, the words, the actions of your earthly life with unalloyed pleasure; for they will all, all, be vividly remembered. To such a life death, which receives far the greater part of its terrible and dreadful surroundings from a distempered fancy than from the Bible or from reason, succeeds as beautifully and naturally as the starlit summer night to the toilsome summer day. Death is but a transition of our endless being—a birth into the life of bliss. There we shall find all we lost on earth restored again, compensation a hundred-fold for all our slightest sufferings on earth, and the rich experience of a mortal life which angels and seraphs shall never know:

"The dear departed that have passed away
To the still house of death, leaving thine own,
The gray-haired sire that died in blessing thee,
Mother or sweet-lipped babe, or she who gave
Thy home the light and bloom of Paradise—
They shall be thine again, when thou shalt pass,
At God's appointment, thro' the shadowy vale,
To reach the sunlight of the IMMORTAL HILLS.
And thou that gloriest to lie down with kings,
Thine uncrowned head now lowlier than theirs,
Seek thou the loftier glory to be known
A king and priest to God, when thou shalt pass
Forth from these silent halls to take thy place
With patriarchs and prophets, and the blest
Gone up from every land to people heaven.
So live, that when the mighty caravan,
Which halts one night-time in the vale of Death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the Eternal Hills,
Thy foot unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle's for the upward flight!"

SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.

THOSE who think that in order to dress well it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its true effect by being overdressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than overloading beauty. The stern simplicity of the classic taste is seen in the old statues and pictures painted by men of superior artistic genius. In Athens the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies have ever excited more admiration. So also the noble Roman matrons, whose superb forms were gazed on delightfully by men worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the hues of the butterfly, but Fashion is not a classic goddess. Most ridiculous in the eyes of all sensible people are they who forever wish to be seen in flaunting folds and colors.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

BY MRS. H. U. GARDINER.

THE noiseless step of time
Steals on—steals on in its course unknown,
And the old year's plaintive, dying tone
Is drowned by the new year's chime.
There were bright spots left in the distance dim,
Ere the blushing morn
Of life was gone;
And the joys of youth,
Its trust, its truth,

Come back as we chant the vesper hymn.

There are other scenes, where the joyous song
And the merry laugh was heard;
They come to the eye with their tinsel'd glare;
The proud and the lovely are thronging there;
And the jest, the idle word,
Falls again on my ear; but not as then,
Ere the shade of grief on my path had been.

But memories sad to my heart belong,
Of th' darkened rooms, and the funeral throng,
And the half-unspoken word
That the fountain of grief hath stirred;
The tolling bell, and the lone, lone grave,
The dark and narrow bed,
Where the drooping willows and cypress wave
O'er the loved and early dead.

O, these are scenes that for aye will last,
That again and again will come,
To darken the light of the fading past
With the shadows of the tomb!

But on, still on, fly the golden hours,
And the sands of life all readily
Run hand in hand with time;
They pause not to glance at the icy bowers
Of winter, among the summer flowers
They tarry not, but steadily

Pursue their course sublime:

With ceaseless glide
O'er the silent tide,
Hurrying evermore,
Stealing on, stealing on,
Like a specter wan,
Never glancing back
O'er the viewless track,

But on to the untried shore,
Where death comes not—where the spirit's powers
From the clogs of sin are forever free—
Where day and night, and the circling hours,
Are lost in the lapse of eternity.

MOUNT on Contemplation's wings,
And mark the causes and the ends of things;
Learn what we are, and for what purpose born,
What station here 'tis given us to adorn;
How best to blend security with ease,
And win our way thro' life's tempestuous seas.

INKLINGS FROM MEMORY.

BY ORCATIUS.

"Bright, blessed memories! how fair
And cloudless are the hues ye wear!
The joys of life ye guard with care,
Its griefs aside ye cast;
And golden tints of light ye bear,
Sweet memories of the past."

MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

"BRIGHT, blessed memories!" Yes, it is blessed to call the mind away from the busy cares of the present, and to once more gaze upon Memory's pleasing picture of the past. It is strange what treasures Memory has accumulated, and how freely she exhibits them to us. How numerous and vivid the sights that Memory presents to our vision! How various and familiar the sounds and voices which, like sweet, enchanting music, she causes to fall upon our enraptured ears! There, portrayed upon her faithful canvas, is the home of our childhood—the home we loved; there is the neighboring village, the ancient church, the old log school-house, and the fields, and meadows, and woods, and lanes through which we frolicked and gambled with childish glee—we can see them all! Persons, once daily companions, but long since gone—some to distant parts, as have we, to battle with the rough world, others to the still sleep of death; persons who have been by us for years forgotten, stand up before us as they appeared of yore, and those whose memory we have cherished in our "heart of hearts" are present. Yonder stands the father and the mother of our infancy. It makes us weep while we survey their loved forms as Memory paints them. There is the brother—the sister death early snatched from our side. There is the village squire—a consequential personage, large and round-faced, and of magisterial air. We almost tremble before his image, as we used to before himself. There is the preacher, the schoolmaster, the men and the women, the boys and the girls, just as they were of old; and so familiar do they seem, that we almost feel like speaking to them, or giving them a hearty shake of the hand, to show them that we still remember them. But home! that is the spot about which we love to linger. See there is the building, with its low walls, its pointed gables, its antique windows, and its heavy door shaded by twining vines and honeysuckles! In that chamber we enjoyed our peaceful slumbers. There is the fireplace around which we gathered on the long winter nights, while the blazing, crackling fire afforded us its generous warmth. On that stand lies the old family Bible, whose big pictures first attracted our childish interest, whose wondrous incidents and histories next filled us with astonishment and delight, and whose heaven-given rays of truth, bright beams shed forth by the great central orb—the Sun of righteousness—have been, through life's pilgrimage, "a light to our feet, and a lamp

to our path." Here we knelt at morn and even, and invoked the blessing of "the God of the families of the whole earth" to rest upon our abode. Look out from the porch! There lies the watchful "Carlo," the terror of the swinish herd. Look, he bounds to welcome our approaching footsteps! There also in the yard is "Jenny," who used to trot to market on a summer morning, bearing her mistress and her load of marketings, or would suffer us, a merry throng of chuckling youngsters, to crowd upon her back, and practice our juvenile feats of horsemanship. There is the garden whose generous soil furnished us its annual tribute of flowers, and fruits, and vegetables. With what willing industry we, in early spring, cultivated its mellow soil, cast in the seed! and then with what impatience we awaited the appearance of the tender plant, and counted the long months to intervene before we should gather the ripe and plenteous produce! There is the barn and the orchard; and yonder, under the shade of those old oaks in the meadow, are the panting cows we loved to drive at morn and eve to and from their verdant pasture. Hark! What is that? the breakfast horn. And that? the Sabbath bell. And that?—but we must stop these pleasing reminiscences, for these sights and sounds come too fast to be recorded.

With these pleasing reminiscences come memories that grieve us. The fault, the error, the childish sin, the birth of habits that have caused us years of pain, are here revealed. We would they were not here; but as they are, we are glad that Memory tells us of them. There is something so satisfactory in our grief on their account, and they are beacons of warning to our manhood. Childish errors are the beginnings of manhood's crimes; and we have a better knowledge of the nature of evil as we appreciate the nature, and especially the effects of "the sins of our youth." The lights and shadows fall of the past improvingly upon us. Memory makes us better. We here find much that serves to unravel the deep mystery of life, and we can mark the wise hand of an overruling Providence. Memory fetches the sigh and forces the tear when we look upon life's withered hours; but yet we feel that childhood's happiness and innocence, that early love and devotion, that so much that is dear to the heart is associated with memory, that, after all, we say, "Bright, blessed memories!"

Such were my thoughts the other evening, as, while leisurely riding along a forest road, with naught around to disturb the current of my thought, I reviewed some of the incidents of a yet short but changeful life. Memory led me back to the land of my birth; and I thought of its peculiar customs and characteristics, so different from those of this land of my adoption. Some of these thoughts of Memory I have penned in my hours of leisure; they are pleasing to me—they may be interesting to you, indulgent reader, as illustrative of rural life in England.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

BY PLENNIUS.

CHAPTER XIII.

The early pioneer preachers in the Western conference—Their remembrance passing away—Western Methodist Historical Society—Brief notice of Rev. William M'Kendree—Rev. James Azley—Two anecdotes of him—Rev. Peter Cartwright—Two anecdotes of him—Rev. Samuel Parker—Rev. James Quinn—Rev. John Collins—Rev. Jesse Walker—Rev. George Askins—Rev. John Sale—Rev. Benjamin Lakin—Rev. Solomon Langdon—Rev. David Young—Rev. Jacob Young—Rev. William Burke—Rev. Joseph Oglesby—Rev. James Ward.

HAVING, in our last chapter, in connection with our notice of the session of the old Western conference at Chillicothe, in 1807, introduced some reminiscences of the venerable Bishop Asbury, the readers, we hope, will not be displeased if we bring to their notice some of the prominent members of that conference then in attendance. Many of these were men of renown, able and successful laborers in the Lord's vineyard, "whose praise is in all the Churches." Not counting their own lives dear unto them, they had relinquished all the comforts and enjoyments of their own pleasant homes, and braved the toils and sufferings, the privations and perils, of the itinerant ministry in the then sparsely settled backwoods, to plant and water the Church in the wilderness. A very few only of these pioneer heralds of the cross remain among us. Far the largest number have finished their course, and gone to receive the crown of righteousness. For their extraordinary labors and sufferings they should "be had in everlasting remembrance." Yet their memory is fast fading away, and the history of their deeds is rapidly passing into oblivion, and ere long nothing will be known of them but their names, and the obituary notices of them in the Minutes of the annual conferences, the bound volumes of which are to be found in but few hands. It is much to be regretted that no effective measures have been adopted by the Church for collecting and preserving the materials for the memoirs of her ministers. It is true, the "Western Methodist Historical Society," formed in Cincinnati in 1839, made a very good beginning, and made a valuable collection of materials for the future historian of Methodism, most of which was then published in the Western Christian Advocate. But for want of zeal in this important work, or from some other cause, the Society has languished for several years past, and has now only a nominal existence. We earnestly hope it may soon be revived, and placed again in active and effective operation. But it was not our intention to read a homily to the Church for her neglect in this matter, and we pass on to the notices proposed.

William M'Kendree was then the most prominent member of the Western conference. His eloquence and power in the pulpit drew out large congregations of deeply attentive and delighted hearers. When warmed and animated by his subject in the

pulpit, his was one of the most expressive countenances we have ever looked upon. Lighted up with a benignant and heavenly glow, and his own peculiarly sweet and fascinating smile, its charm was irresistible, and all eyes were involuntarily riveted upon him. An instance of the fascination of his heaven-illuminated countenance occurred at the time we are speaking of—the conference of 1807. Mr. M'Kendree preached on Sabbath morning previous to the session, and among the hearers was our esteemed friend Judge Orr, of Chillicothe, at that time an irreligious young man, but for many years past an active and influential member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On coming out of the meeting-house on that occasion, Mr. Orr, stepping up to us, inquired:

"Who is that minister that preached?"

"Mr. M'Kendree," we replied.

"Well," said he, "I would rather see that man look an hour from the pulpit, even if he spoke not a word, than hear a sermon of an hour long from any other minister I ever saw."

But there was a charm also in the rich and mellifluous tones of his voice, which fell like sweetest music on the ear, and sent a thrill to the heart. His preaching was in demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

Mr. M'Kendree was then in the meridian and vigor of life. In person he was about the medium stature, well proportioned, and finely formed, with a remarkably dignified mien. In his person and dress he was a pattern of neatness and good taste; polished in his manners, gentle in his disposition, easy and affable in his intercourse with others—the perfect gentleman. We well remember that he was freely spoken of by the members of the Western conference as their choice for Bishop in place of Bishop Whatcoat, deceased, and to which office he was chosen by the General conference in May following.

Bishop M'Kendree died March 5, 1835, aged seventy-eight years. His last words were, "*All is well!*" It is much to be regretted that up to this day, although seventeen years have elapsed since his death, no memoir of his life has been produced. At the General conference in 1836 that body requested Bishop Soule to prepare for publication a life of his deceased colleague. Why it has not been done, is a question we have many times asked and heard asked. If the venerable Bishop to whom the task was committed has not been able to execute it himself, why, we would respectfully ask, has it not been committed to other hands?

The name of James Azley was rendered familiar to us by being carved by himself, during the sitting of the conference of 1807, on the back of the seat in front of the one in which we usually sat, in the little, old brick chapel. Our recollection of his person is rather indistinct; but we think he was tall and raw-boned, and a little awkward in his manners and movements. In the matter and delivery of his discourses there was a marked originality,

a vein of humor, and even drollery, which, while it interested and frequently amused his hearers, often gave severe point and directness to his rebukes. He was, nevertheless, a preacher of very respectable talents and undoubted piety. And if he was not a "polished shaft" in the quiver of the Almighty, yet the arrow was none the less sharp and keen. We have heard many anecdotes of his sayings and doings. The following, related to us about thirty years ago by the Rev. John Collins, we give the reader as a specimen:

In one of his discourses Mr. Axley was descanting upon conformity to the world among Christians, particularly in fashionable dress and manners. To meet the pleas and excuses usually set up in behalf of these departures from the good old way, he held a sort of colloquy with an imaginary apologist, seated at the further end of the congregation, whose supposed pleas and excuses he would state on behalf of his man of straw, in an altered tone; then resuming his natural voice, he would reply and demolish the arguments of his opponent. After thus discussing the subject for some time, the opponent was made to say,

"But, sir, some of your Methodist preachers themselves dress in fashionable style, and in air and manner enact the dandy."

"O no, my friend, that can not be. Methodist preachers know their calling better. They are men of more sense than that, and would not stoop so low as to disgrace themselves and the sacred office they hold by such gross inconsistency of character."

"Well, sir, if you won't take my word for it, just look at those young preachers in the pulpit, behind you."

Mr. Axley, turning immediately around, with seeming surprise, and facing two or three rather fashionably dressed junior preachers seated in the rear of the pulpit, he surveyed each of them from head to foot for two or three minutes, while they quailed under the withering glance of his keen and penetrating eye; then turning again to the congregation, and leaning a little forward over the front of the desk, with his arm extended, and his eyes as if fixed on the apologist at the farther end of the church, he said, in a subdued tone, yet distinctly enough to be heard by all present:

"If you please, sir, we'll drop the subject!"

Although the following additional anecdote of Mr. Axley may be familiar to many of our readers, we hope they will pardon us for inserting it, as it is worthy of a more durable record than the columns of a newspaper, from which we clip it. The late Judge Hugh L. White, who relates it, was a learned and able jurist and distinguished statesman, and for many years a conspicuous member of the United States senate from the state of Tennessee.

"On a certain day a number of lawyers and literary men were together in the town of Knoxville, Tenn., and the conversation turned on preachers and preaching. One and another had expressed

his opinion of the performances of this and that pulpit orator, when at length Judge White spoke up:

"Well, gentlemen, on this subject each man is, of course, entitled to his own opinion; but I must confess that father Axley brought me to a sense of my evil deeds, at least a portion of them, more effectually than any preacher I ever heard."

"At this, every eye and ear was turned, for Judge White was never known to speak lightly on religious subjects, and, moreover, was habitually cautious and respectful in his remarks about religious men. The company now expressed the most urgent desire that the Judge should give the particulars, and expectation stood on tiptoe.

"I went up," said the Judge, "one evening to the Methodist church. A sermon was preached by a clergyman with whom I was not acquainted, but father Axley was in the pulpit. At the close of the sermon he arose and said to the congregation, 'I am not going to detain you by delivering an exhortation; I have risen merely to administer a rebuke for improper conduct, which I have observed here to-night.' This, of course, waked up the entire assembly, and the stillness was profound, while Axley stood and looked for several seconds over the congregation. Then stretching out his large, long arm, and pointing with his finger steadily in one direction, he said, 'Now, I calculate that those two young men, who were talking in that corner of the house while the brother was preaching, think that I am going to talk about them. Well, it is true, it looks very bad, when well-dressed young men, who you would suppose, from their appearance, belonged to some respectable family, come to the house of God, and instead of reverencing the majesty of Him that dwelleth therein, or attending to the message of his everlasting love, get together in one corner of the house'—his finger all the time pointing as steady and straight as the aim of a rifleman—"and there, during the whole solemn service, keep talking, tittering, laughing, and giggling, thus annoying the minister, disturbing the congregation, and sinning against God. I'm sorry for the young men. I'm sorry for their parents. I'm sorry they have done so to-night. I hope they will never do so again. But, however, that's not the thing I was going to talk about. It is another matter, so important that I thought it would be wrong to suffer the congregation to depart without administering a suitable rebuke. Now," said he, stretching out his huge arm, and pointing in another direction, "perhaps that man who was asleep on the bench out there, while the brother was preaching, thinks that I am going to talk about him. Well, I must confess it looks very bad for a man to come into a worshipping assembly, and, instead of taking a seat like others, and listening to the blessed Gospel, carelessly stretching himself out on a bench, and going to sleep. It is not only a proof of great insensibility with regard to the obligations which we owe to our Creator and Redeemer, but it shows a want of genteel breeding. It shows

that the poor man has been so unfortunate in his bringing up as not to have been taught good manners. He don't know what is polite and respectful in a worshipping assembly, among whom he comes to mingle. I'm sorry for the poor man. I'm sorry for the family to which he belongs. I'm sorry he did not know better. I hope he will never do so again. But, however, this is not what I was going to talk about." Thus father Axley went on, for some time, "boxing the compass," hitting a number of persons and things that he was not going to talk about, and hitting *hard*, till the attention and curiosity of the audience were raised to their highest pitch, when finally he remarked:

"The thing of which I was going to talk was *chewing tobacco*. Now, I do hope, when any gentleman comes to church who can't keep from using tobacco during the hours of worship, that he will just take his hat and use it for a spit-box. You all know we are Methodists. You all know that our custom is to kneel when we pray. Now, any gentleman may see, in a moment, how exceedingly inconvenient it must be for a well-dressed Methodist lady to be compelled to kneel down in a puddle of tobacco spit."

"Now," said Judge White, "at this time I had in my mouth an uncommonly large quid of tobacco. Axley's singular manner and train of remark strongly arrested my attention. While he was stirring to the right and left, hitting those "things" that he was not going to talk about, my curiosity was busy to find out what he could be aiming at. I was chewing and spitting my large quid with uncommon rapidity, and looking up at the preacher to catch every word and every gesture—when at last he pounced upon the tobacco, behold, there I had a *great puddle* of tobacco spit! I quietly slipped the quid out of my mouth, and dashed it as far as I could under the seats, resolved never again to be found chewing tobacco in the Methodist church."

Peter Cartwright was yet in the morning of life. He had been in the itinerant ranks only about three years, and had not acquired the celebrity as a popular preacher and polemic which he attained in after years. Our recollection of him at that conference is but indistinct; but in subsequent years his name and person became familiar to us. Many characteristic anecdotes have we heard of him in the course of the last forty years, which, did our limits in these sketches permit, we would lay before the readers. One or two of these, however, we will give as specimens:

Somewhere in Kentucky—at Bardstown, perhaps, where there is a Roman Catholic college—Mr. Cartwright was called upon one day by a Catholic priest, who took him to task for assuming the office of a minister of the Gospel without a knowledge of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, the contents of which, for want of that knowledge, he, of course, could neither understand nor explain. Mr. Cartwright, assuming an air

of sorrow and embarrassment on account of his alleged incapacity to unravel all the great mysteries contained in the good book, acknowledged that some things therein were hard to understand.

"But you profess, I suppose," said he, "to understand all these."

"Certainly; there is nothing in it dark or mysterious to me."

"Well, I am always happy to avail myself of every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, especially concerning the more difficult parts of the good book; and I was reading a passage in it not long ago at which I was somewhat puzzled, and would have been pleased to have had some learned gentleman like yourself at my elbow to explain it."

"What was that?" said the priest, with a contemptuous air.

"It is this: St. John—Rev. xiii, 1—says, 'And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns;' and I tried to cipher it out, but for the life of me I was unable to tell exactly how many horns belonged to each head, and doubtless your reverence can tell me."

The priest, without making any reply, put on his beaver and walked.

At another time Mr. Cartwright was waited upon by a worthy clergyman of another Church, who likewise lectured him for his alleged ignorance of Greek and Hebrew.

"And pray, sir, who informed you," said Mr. Cartwright, "that I was unacquainted with the Greek and Hebrew languages?"

"Well, I do not remember that I have been told so by any one; but presumed it was so, as Methodist preachers generally, I believe, are without classical education."

"Ah, well, sir, you should not take things on presumption, without having good grounds therefor, especially in so grave a charge as that which you have uttered against me. You, I suppose, understand these languages?"

"Yes; I profess to know something of them."

"Well, for aught I know, I have as good a right to doubt your knowledge of Greek and Hebrew as you have to call in question my acquaintance with them. Allow me, sir, to examine you concerning your knowledge of the Greek." Then taking up from the table by which he was seated a book about the size of a Testament, opening it, and appearing to read therefrom, he uttered a few words in Dutch, of which he had a little smattering, and continued, "Will you be good enough to translate into English that verse from the Greek of the Gospel of St. John?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the clergyman, a little embarrassed by this unexpected turn to the conversation, "my time has been so much occupied, for many years, with professional duties, that I have no time to look into the Greek Testament, and have probably got a little rusty in the language."

"Very probable. Well, I suppose we must excuse

you, as I know something of the laborious nature of the pastoral office. But, doubtless, you have been more careful of preserving your knowledge of the Hebrew;" and taking up and opening another book about as large as a Bible, he continued, "and if you please, sir, I will thank you to translate a passage from the Hebrew Pentateuch," uttering another sentence in Dutch.

The reverend gentleman by this time became quite confused, and seeming to think he had "got into the wrong box," he abruptly arose and retired.

Mr. Cartwright has been an able and effective laborer in his Lord's vineyard for nearly half a century, and has traveled over nearly all parts of the great west, preaching Christ and him crucified. He is now presiding elder of the Quincy district, Illinois conference, of which he has been a member for several years; and was a delegate therefrom in the late General conference at Boston, of which body he has long been an active and influential member.

The name of *Samuel Parker* is well known and cherished by thousands of our Israel throughout the west. He embraced religion at a very early age; and after laboring as a local preacher for four years, he entered the traveling connection in 1804. He was in stature a little above the medium height, but quite slender, with thin face and prominent, aquiline nose. The law of kindness and benevolence was strongly written in every lineament of his bland, open countenance. His suavity and gracefulness of manners, his childlike simplicity and gentleness, his holy conversation and fervid piety, made a most favorable impression upon all with whom he had intercourse, and he seemed to diffuse his own sweet and amiable spirit all around him wherever he went. He was an eminent example of holy living, and of the transforming and soul-refining power of the grace of God.

His preaching was of a high order, and drew out large congregations wherever he went. His sermons were carefully prepared, methodically arranged, and delivered with great unction, and were usually attended with power from on high. He was thoroughly skilled in the science of music, and was passionately fond of singing; and when joined by a few good singers, he would often spend half the night or more in cultivating sacred music. In this art he excelled all others we have ever heard. The rich and mellifluous tones of his soft yet full and silvery voice could not fail to charm all who heard it. We have often been in the family or social circle, and heard him sing the songs of Zion, while every one present were moved to tears. He continued his labors with distinguished usefulness till the autumn of 1819, when he was transferred to the Mississippi conference, where he died, December 20th of that year, in the full assurance of eternal blessedness.

We might extend these notices, and embrace therein several other prominent ministers, who were members of the old Western conference. But we

have room for little more than the names of a few of them.

James Quinn had located the previous year, but rejoined the itinerant ranks in 1808, and continued therein an able and faithful minister, till his death in 1847. A well-written memoir of his life and labors, by Rev. J. F. Wright, has been published. *John Collins* was one of the most useful and successful preachers in the west. He finished his course in 1845. A brief memoir of his life, by Hon. John M'Lean, has been published by the Western Book Concern. *Jesse Walker* was an indefatigable and laborious pioneer preacher, and died in 1835. Bishop Morris, in his "Miscellany," gives a good sketch of his life. *George Askins*, the young preacher whom we noticed in the anecdote of Bishop Asbury in our last chapter, was distinguished for his great zeal, and his laborious and successful but short career. He died in 1816. *John Sale* was methodical, lucid, and often very animated in his preaching. He died in 1827. *Benjamin Lakin*, an able minister, plain and pointed in his discourses, died in 1849, aged eighty-two years, and in the fifty-fourth of his ministry. *Solomon Langdon* entered the traveling connection in 1800, in one of the New England States, and afterward removed to the west. He was an amiable man, of a grave countenance, dignified, but courteous and affable in his manners, and a very good preacher. He located in 1813, and died, we think, soon after.

The following are still among the living: *David Young*, a preacher of great ability, and long a prominent leader in the ranks of the itinerancy. He has been for several years superannuated, and resides in Zanesville. *Jacob Young*, a sound preacher, of good abilities, and greatly esteemed. He is still effective, although now about seventy-six years old, and has labored in the ministry uninterruptedly over fifty years. *William Burke* entered the traveling connection in 1792, and continued an effective, laborious, and able minister about twenty years, when his health, or rather his voice, failed, and he settled in Cincinnati. In 1814 he was appointed postmaster of that city, which office he held about twenty-seven years. In 1821 or 1822 he was separated from the Church, and organized a distinct religious society, which continued its existence but a few years. In 1832 Mr. Burke reunited with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was placed again on the superannuated list; and in 1844, when the Southern conferences seceded and formed the Methodist Episcopal Church South, he united with them. He still lives, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. *Joseph Oglesby* resides in Madison, Ia., and is an experienced and skillful physician. *James Ward*, we learn, is one of those who still survive; but of his residence we are not informed. Others of their co-laborers at that early day are probably still living, but where, we know not.

Our next will contain the promised notices of the preachers resident in Chillicothe in 1807.

OUR COUSIN ELLIE.

BY ALIDA.

WE loved her, and we looked upon her pale, sweet face, till the warm tears of affection would swell, and the deep, glad fountain of the heart would pour out its joyous gratitude for such a boon. Too well we loved her; too cruel seemed the stroke of death; and O, too chill the cold, dark grave for such a gentle, cherished one!

Often, very often, in our childish plays, would she steal away to dream about the little flowers; and we would find them wreathed about her head, strewn at her feet, and pressed with almost religious fervor to the little heart that loved them so fondly. She fancied the angels dwelt among them, and would tell of strange, wild tales they had whispered in her ear—how they were soon to take her away, and carry her beyond the clouds—how the soft, low tones would swell around her, till she felt all changed, like a bird—and every thing was so beautiful, she wished it was her home.

Then we knew why the calm, blue eye was so dreamy, and whence came the light of unearthly luster—why the little, childish voice was so eloquent with music; and we almost thought to see her borne away. While others slumbered, and we thought her at rest, Ellie would steal from her couch, and, with her head resting upon the window, gaze up into the sky, long and fervently, as though the outgoings of her whole soul were lingering in that gaze. Then we would see the lips moving, and the tiny hand raised, as though beckoning the bright stars from their homes. She had read how the "stars sang together," and thought to bring their music near; and then we knew why Ellie's quiet smile was so different from others, and why it lingered so long and lovingly upon her lips. Bright seraphs left their impress there. Short years passed quickly by, and our darling still lived—the idol almost of our heart—the beautiful image of affection enshrined within our spirit's depths; and we lingered in the sunlight of her path, thoughtless of the shadows that were soon to intervene, and dim the radiance that beamed upon us. We loved too deeply for the vestige of a fear, and dreamed not that a vision so beautiful could ever fade away. O, how the heart-strings cling around the object of their love! and how prone we are to fancy our joys undying, our warm affections too pure to feel the blight of earthly decay!

Ellie was always pale, and we saw no change, save that a soft shadow of thought seemed to linger more visibly upon the brow and lips, and the eye grew more intensely beautiful. Thoughts glowing with heavenly light, too glorious for utterance, seemed ever wandering through her spirit, and leading it from out its clay tenement—and why did we never read the impress of a loftier, purer being enstamped upon each speaking lineament?

Why dreamed we that our Ellie might remain in this dark world?

Gently she sank away from our yearning hearts and tearful gaze. Ere the last sunbeam fled from the features it would never lighten more, the lips had ceased to murmur words of hope and love, the soft eye had lost its beaming tenderness, and our darling slumbered.

Years have flown, but the memory of that hour, enshrouded as it were in the gloom of death, seems like a ray of light left to stream athwart life's varying pathway—a living hope left by the departed; and the last cheering tones of one who trembles on the verge of the tomb, mingled with the ushering of heavenly bliss—O, are they not sweet incense from the deep fountain of the soul, wafting upward to its God? enough to rob death of its terror and the grave of its fearful gloom?

LAST WORDS.

BY MRS. E. S. NICHOLS.

COME kneel beside me, for my heart throbs faint,
And I would look my last look in those eyes;
By their soft light my lingering soul would paint
The dawning glories of yon opening skies!

Ay, kneel beside her who hast knelt to thee
In spirit long—who hast so often flung
The buds and blossoms of wild poesy
Around that brow where her pale lips have clung!

I'll not affright thee with that dark word—death!
But, with thy hands thus closely clasped in mine,
Will strive to murmur with my latest breath
The love that chains my panting heart to thine.

Canst thou forget me, when this form is laid,
Among the things that perish, in the ground?
When Spring a grassy coverlet has made
To hide away that lonely, earthly mound?

When Summer comes with all its roses wild,
And flings them down exulting at thy side,
Canst thou forget how *she* once brightly smiled
On their fair sisters, that like *her* have died?

Can Autumn tread among the ripened mast,
And plow deep furrows in the withered leaves,
Without one thought on those dear autumns cast,
When we played childlike with the yellow sheaves?

Shall Winter pierce thee with no sharp regret,
As slowly move its leaden hours along?
And Time but teach thee quickly to forget
The love that breathed and burned for thee in song?

Farewell! true heart—this life is ebbing fast—
The tide sets swiftly toward that other shore;
E'en now the bitterness of death is past—
The sleep is ended—the brief dream is o'er!

The Ladies' Repository.

OCTOBER, 1852.

A MODEL FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

Among the distinguished women in the humble ranks of society, who have pursued a loving, hopeful, benevolent, and beautiful way through life, the name of Sarah Martin will long be remembered. Not many of such women come into the full light of the world's eye. Quiet and silence befit their lot. The best of their labors are done in secret, and are never noised abroad. Often the most beautiful traits of a woman's character are confided but to one dear breast, and lie treasured there. There are comparatively few women who display the sparkling brilliancy of a Margaret Fuller, and whose names are noised abroad like hers on the wings of fame. But the number of women is very great who silently pursue their duty in thankfulness, who labor on—each in their little home circle—training the minds of growing youth for active life, molding future men and women for society and for each other, imbuing them with right principles, impenetrating their hearts with the spirit of love, and thus actively helping to carry forward the whole world toward good. But we hear comparatively little of the labors of true-hearted women in this quiet sphere. The genuine mother, wife, or daughter, is good, but not famous. And she can dispense with the fame, for the doing of the good is its own exceeding great reward.

Very few women step beyond the boundaries of home and seek a larger sphere of usefulness. Indeed, the home is a sufficient sphere for the woman who would do her work nobly and truly there. Still, there are the helpless to be helped, and when generous women have been found among the helpers, are we not ready to praise them, and to cherish their memory? Sarah Martin was one of such—a kind of Elizabeth Fry, in a humbler sphere. She was born at Caister, a village about three miles from Yarmouth, in the year 1791. Both her parents, who were very poor people, died when she was but a child; and the little orphan was left to be brought up under the care of her poor grandmother. The girl obtained such education as the village school could afford her—which was not much—and then she was sent to Yarmouth for a year, to learn sewing and dress-making in a very small way. She afterward used to walk from Caister to Yarmouth and back again daily, which she continued for many years, earning a slender livelihood by going out to families as an assistant dress-maker at a shilling a day.

It happened that, in the year 1819, a woman was committed to the Yarmouth jail for the unnatural crime of cruelly beating and ill using her own child. Sarah Martin was at this time eight and twenty years of age, and the report of the above crime, which was the subject of talk about the town, made a strong impression on her mind. She had often, before this, on passing the gloomy walls of the borough jail, felt an urgent desire to visit the inmates pent up there, without sympathy, and often without hope. She wished to read the Scriptures to them, and bring them back lovingly—were it yet possible—to the society

against whose laws they had offended. Think of this gentle, unlovely, ungifted, poor, young woman taking up with such an ideal! Yet it took root in her and grew within her. At length she could not resist the impulse to visit the wretched inmates of the Yarmouth jail. So, one day she passed into the dark porch, with a throbbing heart, and knocked for admission. The keeper of the jail appeared. In her gentle, low voice, she mentioned the cruel mother's name, and asked permission to see her. The jailer refused. There was "a lion in the way"—some excuse or other, as is usual in such cases. But Sarah Martin persisted. She returned; and at the second application she was admitted.

Sarah Martin afterward related the manner of her reception in the jail. The culprit mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, etc., *she burst into tears, and thanked me!*" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life.

A year or two before this time Mrs. Fry had visited the prisoners in Newgate, and possibly the rumor of her labors in this field may have in some measure influenced Sarah Martin's mind; but of this we are not certain. Sarah Martin herself stated that, as early as the year 1810—several years before Mrs. Fry's visits to Newgate—her mind had been turned to the subject of prison visitation, and she had then felt a strong desire to visit the poor prisoners in Yarmouth jail, to read the Scriptures to them. These two tender-hearted women may, therefore, have been working at the same time, in the same sphere of Christian work, entirely unconscious of each other's labors. However this may be, the merit of Sarah Martin can not be detracted from. She labored alone, without any aid from influential quarters; she had no persuasive eloquence, and had scarcely received any education; she was a poor seamstress, maintaining herself by her needle, and she carried on her visitation of the prisoners in secret, without any one vaunting her praises; indeed, this was the last thing she dreamt of. Is there not, in this simple picture of a humble woman thus devoting her leisure hours to the comfort and improvement of outcasts, much that is truly noble and heroic?

Sarah Martin continued her visits to the Yarmouth jail. From one she went to another prisoner, reading to them and conversing with them, from which she went on to instructing them in reading and writing. She constituted herself a schoolmistress for the criminals, giving up a day in the week for this purpose, and thus trenching on her slender means of living. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dress-making to serve the prisoners. This, regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

She next formed a Sunday service in the jail, for reading of the Scriptures, joining in the worship as a hearer. For three years she went on in this quiet course of visitation, till, as her views enlarged, she introduced other ameliorative plans for the benefit of the prisoners. One week in 1823, she received from

two gentlemen donations of ten shillings each, for prison charity. With this she bought materials for baby-clothes, cut them out, and set the females to work. The work, when sold, enabled her to buy other materials, and thus the industrial education of the prisoners was secured; Sarah Martin teaching those to sew and knit, who had not before learnt to do so. The profits derived from the sale of the articles were placed together in a fund, and divided among the prisoners on their leaving the jail to commence life again in the outer world. She, in the same way, taught the men to make straw hats, mens' and boys' caps, gray cotton shirts, and even patch-work—any thing to keep them out of idleness and from preying upon their own thoughts. Some, also, she taught to copy little pictures, with the same object, in which several of the prisoners took great delight. A little later on, she formed a fund out of the prisoners' earnings, which she applied to the furnishing of work to prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she says, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

Thus did humble Sarah Martin, long before the attention of public men had been directed to the subject of prison discipline, bring a complete system to maturity in the jail of Yarmouth. It will be observed that she had thus included visitation, moral and religious instruction, intellectual culture, industrial training, employment during prison hours, and employment after discharge. While learned men, at a distance, were philosophically discussing these knotty points, here was a poor seamstress at Yarmouth, who, in a quiet, simple, and unostentatious manner, had practically settled them all!

In 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and left her an annual income of ten or twelve pounds. She now removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in an obscure part of the town; and from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors in the jail. A benevolent lady in Yarmouth, in order to allow her some rest from her sewing, gave her one day in the week to herself, by paying her the same on that day as if she had been engaged in dress-making. With that assistance, and a few quarterly subscriptions of 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and books for distribution, she went on, devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But her dress-making business—always a very fickle trade, and at best a very poor one—now began to fall off, and at length almost entirely disappeared. The question arose, was she to suspend her benevolent labors, in order to devote herself singly to the recovery of her business? She never wavered for a moment in her decision. In her own words—"I had counted the cost and my mind was made up. If, while imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others." Therefore did this noble, self-sacrificing woman, go straightforward on her road of persevering usefulness.

She now devoted six or seven hours in every day to her superintendence over the prisoners, converting what would otherwise have been a scene of dissolute

idleness into a hive of industry and order. Newly-admitted prisoners were sometimes refractory and unmanageable, and refused to take advantage of Sarah Martin's instructions. But her persistent gentleness invariably won their acquiescence, and they would come to her and beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Men, old in years and in crime, port London pickpockets, depraved boys and dissolute sailors, profligate women, smugglers, poachers, the promiscuous horde of criminals which usually fill the jail of a seaport and county town—all bent themselves under the benign influence of this good woman, and under her eyes they might be seen striving, for the first time in their lives, to hold a pen, or master the characters in a penny primer. She entered into their confidences—watched, wept, prayed, and felt for all by turns—she strengthened their good resolutions, encouraged the hopeless, and sedulously endeavored to put all, and hold all, in the right road of amendment.

What was the nature of the religious instruction given by her to the prisoners, may be gathered from Captain Williams's account of it, as given in the "Second Report of the Inspector of Prisons" for the year 1836:

"*Sunday, November 29, 1835.*—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners—and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention and the most marked respect; and, as far as it was possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her, afterward, to the female prisoners."

Afterward, in 1837, she gave up the labor of writing out her addresses, and addressed the prisoners extemporaneously, in a simple, feeling manner, on the duties of life, on the connection between sin and sorrow on the one hand, and between goodness and happiness on the other, and inviting her fallen auditors to enter the great door of mercy which was ever wide opened to receive them. These simple, but earnest addresses were attended, it is said, by very beneficial results; and many of the prisoners were wont to thank her, with tears, for the new views of life, its duties and responsibilities, which she had opened up to them.

But Sarah Martin was not satisfied merely with laboring among the prisoners in the jail at Yarmouth. She also attended in the evenings at the workhouse, where she formed and superintended a large school; and afterward, when that school had been handed over to proper teachers, she devoted the hours so released to the formation and superintendence of a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. And after the labors connected with the class were over,

she would remain among the girls for the purpose of friendly intercourse with them, which was often worth more than all the class lessons. There were personal communications with this one and with that; private advice to one, some kindly inquiry to make of another, some domestic history to be imparted by a third; for she was looked up to by these girls as a counselor and friend, as well as schoolmistress. She had often visits also to pay to their homes; in one there would be sickness, in another misfortune or bereavement; and every-where was the good, benevolent creature made welcome. Then, lastly, she would return to her own poor solitary apartments, late at night, after her long day's labor of love. There was no cheerful, ready-lit fire to greet her there, but only an empty, locked-up house, to which she merely returned to sleep. She did all her own work, kindled her own fires, made her own bed, cooked her own meals. For she went on living upon her miserable pittance, in a state of almost absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied her occasionally with the necessaries of life, but she usually gave away a considerable portion of these to people more destitute than herself.

She was now growing old; and the borough authorities at Yarmouth, who knew very well that her self-imposed labors saved them the expense of a schoolmaster and chaplain—which they were now bound by law to appoint—made a proposal of an annual salary of £12, or less than \$60 a year! This miserable remuneration was, moreover, made in a manner coarsely offensive to the shrinkingly sensitive woman; for she had preserved a delicacy and pure-mindedness throughout her life-long labors, which, very probably, these Yarmouth bloaters could not comprehend. She shrank from becoming the salaried official of the corporation, and bartering for money those labors which had, throughout, been labors of love.

"Here lies the objection," she said, "which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive that, in receiving payment, my labors may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut." . . . "Were you so angry [she is writing in answer to the wife of one of the magistrates, who said she and her husband would "feel angry and hurt" if Sarah Martin did not accept the proposal.] Were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me, and my conscience too, and these would follow me every-where. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."

But the jail committee savagely intimated to the high-souled woman, "*If we permit you to visit the prison, you must submit to our terms;*" so she had no alternative but to give up her noble labors altogether, which she would not do, or receive the miserable pittance of a "salary" which they proffered her. And

for two more years she lived on, in the receipt of her official salary of £12 per annum—the acknowledgment of the Yarmouth corporation for her services as jail chaplain and schoolmaster!

In the winter of 1842, when she had reached her fifty-second year, her health began seriously to fail, but she nevertheless continued her daily visits to the jail—"the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure"—till the 17th of April, 1843, when she ceased her visits. She was now thoroughly disabled; but her mind beamed out with unusual brilliancy, like the flickering taper before it finally expires. She resumed the exercise of a talent which she had occasionally practiced during her few moments of leisure—that of writing sacred poetry. In one of these, speaking of herself on her sick-bed, she says:

"I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light."

Her song was always full of praise and gratitude. As artistic creations, they may not excite admiration in this highly critical age; but never were verses written truer in spirit, or fuller of Christian love. Her whole life was a noble poem—full also of true practical wisdom. Her life was a glorious comment upon her own words:

"The high desire that others may be blest
Savors of heaven."

She struggled against fatal disease for many months, suffering great agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. Her end drew nigh. She asked her nurse for an opiate to still her racking torture. The nurse told her that she thought the time of her departure had come. Claspings her hands, she exclaimed, "Thank God! Thank God!" And these were her last words. She died on the 15th of October, 1843, and was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother. A small tombstone, bearing a simple inscription, written by herself, marks her resting-place; and, though the tablet is silent as to her virtues, they will not be forgotten:

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

—
THE CHRISTIAN TIME-VIEW.
BY REV. JAMES MARTINEAU.

THAT Christianity did really give an infinite enlargement to the scale of human life, and that this is one of its greatest features, is conspicuous enough on comparing it with the religions it supplanted. It was not indeed that Pagan societies were without the conception of a future; but Christianity first got it cordially believed. Even the meditative philosophy of Greece can present no clear instances of hearty and deep conviction, except in Plato and his master; and, whatever we may think of the rhetorical leanings of Cicero in the same direction, the practical earnestness of Rome was wholly given up, for the want of higher thoughts, to material interests and outward magnificence. The faint and spectral fancies of a possible future, that floated before the mind of the people, scared away no crime, tranquilized no passion, disenchanted no instant pleasure. They lay fevered and restless beneath the broad, burning orb of this immediate life, drunk with hot indulgence,

and asleep to the midnight hemisphere of faith open to the vigils of the purer soul. Throughout Christendom, on the other hand, the boundless night-scene of existence has been the great object of contemplation; has swallowed up the day; has reduced the meridian glare of life to an exaggerated star-light, truly seen as such from more central positions where the appearance does not distort the real. The difference between the ancient and modern world is this; that in the one the great reality of being was now; in the other, it is yet to come.

If you would witness a scene characteristic of the popular life of old, you must go to the amphitheater of Rome, mingle with its 80,000 spectators, and watch the eager faces of senators and people; observe how the masters of the world spend the wealth of conquest, and indulge the pride of power; see every wild creature that God has made to dwell from the jungles of India to the mountains of Wales, from the forests of Germany to the deserts of Nubia, brought hither to be hunted down in artificial groves by thousands in an hour; behold the captives of war, noble perhaps and wise in their own land, turned loose amid yells of insult more terrible for their tongue, to contend with brutal gladiators trained to make death the favorite amusement, and present the most solemn of individual realities as a wholesale public sport; mark the light look by which the multitude, by uplifted finger, demands that the wounded combatant be slain before their eyes; notice the troop of Christian martyrs awaiting, hand in hand, the leap from the tiger's den, and when the day's spectacle is over, and the blood of two thousand victims stains the ring, follow the giddy crowd as it streams from the dormitories into the streets, trace its lazy course into the forum, and hear it there scrambling for the bread of private indolence doled out by the purse of public corruption; and see how it suns itself to sleep in the open ways, or crowds into foul dens, till morning brings the hope of games and merry blood; and you have an idea of the imperial people, and their passionate living for the moment, which the Gospel found in occupation of the world.

And if you would fix in your thought an image of the popular mind of Christendom, I know not what you could do better than to go at sunrise with the throng of toiling men to the hill-side where Whitefield or Wesley is about to preach. Hear what a great heart of reality in that hymn that swells upon the morning air—a prophet's strain upon a people's lips! See the rugged hands of labor, clasped and trembling, wrestling with the Unseen in prayer! Observe the uplifted faces, deep-lined with hardship, and with guilt, streaming now with honest tears, and flushed with earnest shame, as the man of God awakes the life within, and tells of him that bore for us the stripe and the cross, and the holiest spirit to the humblest lot, and tears away the vale of sense from the glad and awful gates of heaven and hell. Go to these people's homes, and observe the decent tastes, the sense of domestic obligations, the care for childhood, the desire of instruction, the neighborly kindness, the conscientious self-respect; and say, whether the sacred image of duty does not live within those minds; whether holiness has not taken the place of pleasure in their idea of life; whether for

them too the toils of nature are not lightened by some eternal hope, and their burden carried by some angel of love, and the strife of necessity turned into the service of God. The present tyrannizes over their character no more, subdued by a future infinitely great; and hardly, though they lie upon the rock of this world, they can live the life of faith; and while the hand plies the tools of earth, keep a spirit open to the skies.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY D. G. MITCHELL.

THAT wife over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped up in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your drawing apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They can not shoot out tendrils into barren world soil and suck up thence strengthening nutriment. They have grown under the forcing glass and the home roof, they will not now bear the exposure.

You do not look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you—as if a community of feelings lay between. There is a heart-bond that absolves all other; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown up and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects—alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear—the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects—when you had such sweet escapes when evening drew near.

How it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care! They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly across the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house; is he wise, you ask yourself? Is he prudent? Is he the best? Did he ever fail? Is he never forgetful?

You are early home—mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy; terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down; her eyes half closed; her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eyes are open; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles—hers does not. Her lips move; it is your name.

"Be strong," she says, "God will help you."

She presses harder your hand. "Adieu!"

A long breath—another; you are alone again. No tears now; poor man! You can not find them!

Again, home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping around on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a single question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door, you dare not speak.

He takes his hat, and glides out stealthily like a cat.

The man has done his work well for all that. It is a nice coffin—a very nice coffin! Pass your hand over it—how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonnette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonnette.

It is a good stanch table that the coffin rests on—it is your table; you are a housekeeper—a man of a family!

Ay; of family—keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; it is all that is left of her! And where is your heart now! Now don't press your hands nor mingle your lips, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep.

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept—what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart has gone.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blazing sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one over against yours—empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that burns the brains; but you can not. Your head leans upon your hand; your eyes rest upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into your room where she was sick—softly, lest the prim housekeeper comes after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have removed from the stand its vials and silver bell; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have opened the window that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be cold. She is not there now.

OVERTASKING THE MENTAL POWERS.

BY A. BRIGHAM.

MUCH of the thoughtlessness of parents, regarding the injury they may do their children by too early cultivating their minds, has arisen from the *mystery* in which the *science of mind* has been involved, and ignorance of the connection between the mind and body; for we find them exceedingly anxious and careful about the health of their children in other respects. Entirely forgetful of the brain, they know there is danger in exercising many other parts of the body too much, when they are but partially developed. They know that caution is necessary with children in respect to their food, lest their delicate digestive organs should be injured by a too exciting and stimulating regimen.

A parent would be greatly alarmed if his little child, by continued encouragement and training, had learned to eat as much food as a healthy adult. Such a prodigy of gluttony might undoubtedly be formed. The method of effecting it, would be somewhat like that of enabling a child to remember, and reason, and study, with the ability and constancy of an adult. Each method is dangerous, but probably the latter is the more so, because the brain is a more delicate organ than the stomach.

The activity of most of the organs of the body can be very greatly increased; they can be made to perform their functions for a while with unusual facility and power. I will dwell upon this fact a little. A child, for instance, may be gradually accustomed to eat and digest large quantities of stimulating animal food. I have seen an instance of this kind, and when I remonstrated with the parents on the impropriety and danger of allowing a child, but two years old, such diet constantly, I was told that he was uncommonly robust; and indeed he appeared to be in vigorous health; but soon after this he had a long inflammatory fever, of an unusual character for children, which I attributed at the time, to the stimulating diet allowed him. This diet appeared also to have an effect upon his disposition, and confirmed the observation of Hufeland, that "infants who are accustomed to eat much animal food become robust, but at the same time passionate, violent, and brutal."

A child may also be made to execute surprising muscular movements, such as walking on a rope, and other feats; but these are learned only by long practice, which greatly develops the muscles by which the movements are executed. From frequent and powerful action, the muscles of the arms of blacksmiths, and boxers, and boatmen, those of the lower limbs of dancers, and those of the faces of buffoons, become strikingly enlarged when compared with the muscles in other parts of the body. Every employment in which men engage brings into relatively greater action particular parts of the system; some organs are constantly and actively exercised, while others are condemned to inactivity. To make, therefore, one organ superior to another in power, it is necessary not only to exercise it frequently, but to render other organs inactive, so as not to draw away from it that vital energy which it requires in order to be made perfect.

The important truth resulting from these facts, that *the more any part of the human system is exercised, the more it is enlarged, and its powers increased*, applies equally to all organs of the body; it applies to the brain as well as the muscles. The heads of great thinkers, as has been stated, are wonderfully large; and it has been ascertained by admeasurement, that they frequently continue to increase till the subjects are fifty years of age, and long after the other portions of the system have ceased to enlarge. "This phenomenon," says Itard, "is not very rare, even in the adult, especially among men given to study, or profound meditation, or who devote themselves, without relaxation, to the agitations of an unquiet and enterprising spirit. The head of Bonaparte, for instance, was small in youth, but acquired, in after life, a development nearly enormous."

I would have the parent, therefore, understand, that his child may be made to excel in almost any thing; that by increasing the power of certain organs through exercise, he can be made a prodigy of early mental or muscular activity. But I would have him, at the same time, understand the conditions upon which this can be effected, and its consequences. I would have him fully aware, that in each case, unusual activity and power are produced by extraordinary development of an organ; and especially that in early life, no one organ of the body can be disproportionately exercised, without the risk of most injurious consequences. Either the overexcited and overtasked organ itself will be injured for life, or the development of other and essential parts of the system will be arrested forever.

From what has been said hitherto, we gather the following facts, which should be made the basis of all instruction; facts which I wish often to repeat. *The brain is the material organ by which all the mental faculties are manifested; it is exceedingly delicate, and but partially developed in childhood; overexcitement of it when in this state, is extremely hazardous.*

THE NEW ENGLAND WIDOW.

BY AN ENGLISH LADY TRAVELER.

THERE is poverty every-where in the world. In the United States there is enough of it, but it is emigrant poverty, or poverty among the depressed colored race. One heard marvels about the comfortable condition of the native people. In one small town in New England, a society of ladies, who met for devotional purposes, agreed to form a fund for the help of the poor. Having raised their means they began to look about for their objects, but they were no where to be found, or only found in the persons of one colored family. After the humane ladies had new-rigged all the children, and got them roused and sent to school, they added various comforts in the way of furniture, then they sent one man to repair the dripping roof, another to fill up the boards in the broken floor and—their work was done! They were obliged to turn the flow of their contributions into the wide bed of the Home Mission, for they had no poor! The gentleman who told me this was personally cognizant of it. It seems to realize the saying I have heard in my childhood, that there is but one beggar in America, and he rides on horseback. That New England village must have been happy in the absence of inebriates, “of Gin Palaces,” and intoxicating drinks, for where they are found it is in vain that industry plies her diligence and the earth pours forth her stores—there will be poverty, misery, wickedness, and degradation in their vicinity.

I had sometimes wished to see some native poor besides those to be found so comfortably provided for in the institutions, and at last I was gratified. It seems almost necessary to premise, that our visit to widow R. was entirely unpremeditated on our part, and unexpected on hers, otherwise an incident or two which occurred, might wear the air of acting in the poor woman, when it was not so. She was lonely, borne down with grief, and nearly blinded by tears with which no one sympathized.

We found, in a neat orderly room, a tall wasted figure beside a very small table, on which lay ink

and paper, and two or three bright little books, very like school prizes. She was dressed in rusty black, with a cap, whose former pretensions to smartness, made its faded black lace add to the desolate appearance of the wearer.

She was writing when we entered, but on seeing strangers she laid down her pen, took out a poor muslin rag to wipe tears which were flowing fast, and without taking heed at all to who her guests might be, she began her lament, “I had one bright spot in my gloom, but God has taken it away from me. My dear R—— is gone, and I don't know where she is gone to,” looking round the roof with an indescribable vague expectancy, as if she might learn from the ceiling where her daughter was. “Don't you believe in a state of happiness for those who love the Lord?” “O yes, I was brought up in true religion. I am a New Englander; my parents taught me about the fall of man, and salvation by Jesus Christ, about the resurrection, and the judgment, and I taught it all to my child. R—— believed in all that, but I can't see her now. I don't know where she is gone to.” “If she believed in Jesus you do know, and if she is with Jesus where he is, you know she is happy.” “You talk, but you never lost your one bright spot as I have done.” “I have lost children, and have had very bright spots darkened. It is not because I do not feel for you that I speak, but because I know that there is consolation for those who weep.” My companion hoping to turn the current of her thoughts said, “Perhaps you have heard of Mary Lundie. This is her mother.” “Is it?” hardly turning her streaming eyes to me. “I have read her life many a time, and sold hundreds of it here in the streets of New York.” “You sold books! how was that?” “I was born to affluence. I married and lived well with my husband, but somehow he died, and left me four children and not a dollar. I could work with my head, but not with my hands, so I wrote political articles, and tales for magazines. I wrote whatever I could get paid for, till neuralgic pains put me almost distracted, and the doctor said if I went on writing I should go out of my head.” “And what did you do then?” “Then my R—— had learnt to embroider, and I sold her work, and Mr. C—— let me have books, and I hawked them from house to house, and at last, when I could not pay my rent, God sent a good spirit to help me. I never saw him, but he has paid my rent for years.” “Do you not know that this lady is the wife of your good spirit?” “Is she?” looking slightly round. “No, I did not; but now she never sits on that chair at her work and talks to me, nor even lies on that bed sick. She is gone, my bright spot, and I don't know where she is gone to,” again searching the ceiling with her restless and misty eye.

Poor thing, she had employed herself in patching a pretty cushion of bits of silk during the long nights, while she watched her sick child, “to keep her poor eyes open,” as she said, and was ministered to by two young ladies, real sisters of charity, without the garb and badge, and without the vow.

At last consumption, which annually nips its hundreds of the budding and blossoming, finished its work, and the widow's “one bright spot” was darkened. R—— died in her lonely arms, which clasped

her an hour and a half before the poor mourner could admit the belief that she was dead; and in the morning, when the two friends came to visit her, they attended to the last claims of the departed, and left the mourner alone with her sorrow. She told us she sat alone two nights by the shell of her child, and persuaded herself when she perused her countenance at four in the morning, that she had again become rosy. Indeed her monomania turned on the idea that she had not died, but that *her spirit had just slipped away, and she didn't know where it had gone to*. Her eye invariably wandered vaguely upward, and her voice fell into the same plaintive cadence when this afflictive thought returned in its force. She read to us some rather poetical verses, which she called "a voice from the Spirits' land," in which the daughter addresses the mourner, "Weep not for me, mother, weep not for me," and describes her present state of perfect happiness as the reason. "Who told you all those sweet things, Mrs. R?" "My dear R——. She just came and stood by me there, and dictated it all." "Well, then, you do know where she is, for she says she is in heaven, with angels and saints, and in the presence of her Savior. So you do know." Poor woman, she was caught by her own showing, and put to silence. Yet in a few minutes her beamless eye sought the roof, and she was repeating, "I don't know where she is gone to." I have read poetical descriptions of similar hallucinations, but never met with such before.

When we had arisen to depart, after a long visit, she said some old friends had forsaken her, because of a report that she encouraged the Romanists to come about her, but she never did. She could not protect herself from them. Sisters of Mercy had come, and after them a lady, who gave her name, and forced a book upon her poor girl, who would have avoided them, and was disturbed in mind by their talk. At last, one day, she desired this lady to go and not come again. A considerable time after she had shut the door, she was surprised to find her still lingering on the stair, and asked her why she staid. She prolonged talk, and still seemed to have more and more to say, and by and by the secret reason for her stay was explained. She had made an appointment with the priest, who joined them on the staircase, and offered to see the sick. The mother "honored his zeal," but politely declined. That proposal failing, he had another. He knew of a medicine that he was sure would cure the invalid. She had a regular medical attendant, and did not require to trouble his reverence. Ah, but he was so sure of the efficacy of his medicine, if he might *just go into the room*, and write the prescription. The mother said, if he was so sure, he might write it on the fly-leaf of the lady's book. This he did, and the lady undertook to procure and pay for it. It was to cost half a dollar. Again the priest tried to enter the sick-room, and he and the lady said, if the girl died without extreme unction, she would burn in hell-fire forever, with all heretics.

It was striking to mark, as indignation took the place of woe in the widow's heart, how her attenuated and bending form returned to its natural height; how her voice rose, and her eyes brightened even in relating their conversation. The dignity of becoming

indignation suddenly kindled her whole frame, and you could scarcely identify the drooping creature, dying under the misery of eating grief, who had but just risen from the side of her writing-table.

"I am Protestant," she said, "I don't believe in what you say, and my daughter does not wish for your services." "Then I won't get her this medicine that would cure her." "I would not give her any thing you prescribe till I saw it analyzed. If I ever wish for you I will send—for the present, go away." "Then I will call again to-morrow," said the pertinacious persecutor. "You need not—I will not admit you;" and so, at last, the pair departed, having done what they could, in their view, to save the dying girl from eternal misery.

How unprotected are the poor from these bold impostors—and how unprotected are the rich from the more insidious and insinuating measures which they adopt in their advances to them! Their perseverance in trying to compass one dying proselyte, is a rebuke to the more supine plans of Protestants. Yet this is the sect against which Protestant America can see no cause to be on its guard—the planters of which are artists, musicians, teachers, domestics, Sisters of Charity, politicians, who unweariedly put in their seed and leave it to grow while we are asleep in erroneous security.

At last, then, I had seen a really poor native. But it was not squalid—it was respectable poverty—and in the woe of a wandering mind, independence and gratitude were visible. She uttered no thanks to the "good spirit" who paid her rent—but she sent the silken pillow which she sewed by the couch of her dying child, as a gift to the "good spirit's" wife.

GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT MEN.

ONE can not help taking an interest in great men. Even their pettiest foibles—their most ordinary actions—their by-play—their jokes—are eagerly commemorated. Their haunts—their homes—the apartments in which they have studied—their style of dress—and, above all, their familiar conversation, are treasured up in books, and fascinate all readers. Trifles help to decipher the character of a man, often more than his greatest actions. What is a man's daily life—his private conversation—his familiar deportment? These, though they make but a small figure in his history, are often the most characteristic and genuine things in a man's life.

The appetites, tastes, idiosyncracies, prejudices, foibles, and follies of great men, are well known. Perhaps we think too much of them; but we take interest in all that concerns them, even the pettiest details. It is often these that give an interest to their written life. What were Boswell's *Johnson*, that best of biographies, were it wanting in its gossip and small talk?

An interesting chapter might be written about the weaknesses of great men. For instance, they have been very notorious for their strange fits of abstraction. The anecdote of Archimedes will be remembered, who rushed through the streets of Syracuse *al fresco*, crying, *Eureka!* and at the taking of the city, was killed by a soldier, while tracing geometrical lines on sand. Socrates, when filled with some idea, would stand for hours fixed like a statue. It is

recorded of him that he stood amidst the soldiers in the camp at Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his "prophetic or supernatural voice." Democritus shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden. Dante was subject to fits of abstraction, in which he often quite forgot himself. One day he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggist's shop at Sienna, and sat reading there till night came on.

Bude, whom Erasmus called the wonder of France, was a thoroughly absent man. One day his domestics broke into his study with the intelligence that his house was on fire. "Go inform my wife," said he; "you know I do not interfere in household affairs!" Scaliger only slept for a few hours at a time, and passed whole days without thinking of food. Sully, when his mind was occupied with plans of reform, displayed extraordinary fits of forgetfulness. One day, in winter, when on his way to church, he observed, "How very cold it is to-day!" "Not more cold than usual," said one of his attendants. "Then I must have the ague," said Sully. "Is it not more probable that you are too scantily dressed?" he was asked. On lifting his tunic the secret was at once discovered! He had forgotten all his under clothing but his pantaloons!

Mrs. Bray tells a somewhat familiar story of the painter Stothard. When invited on one occasion to dine with the poet, Rogers, on reaching the house in St. James's Place, he complained of cold, and, chancing to place his hand on his neck, he found he had forgotten to put on his cravat, when he hastily returned home to complete his attire.

Buffon was very fond of dress. He assumed the air of the grand seigneur; sported jewels and finery; wore rich lace and velvets; and was curled and scented to excess—wearing his hair *en papillote* while at his studies. Pope, too, was a little dandy in a bag-wig and a sword; and his crooked figure enveloped in fashionable garments, gave him the look of an over-dressed monkey. Diderot once traveled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning gown and nightcap; and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works, he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he had struck out a happy idea. One day a friend found him in tears—"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, "at a story that I have just composed!"

Young, the poet, composed his *Night Thoughts* with a skull before him, in which he would sometimes place a lighted candle; and he occasionally sought his sepulchral inspiration by wandering among the tombs at midnight. Mrs. Radcliffe courted the horrors with which she filled her gloomy romances, by supping on half-raw beefsteaks, plentifully garnished with onions. Dryden used to take physic before setting himself to compose a new piece. Kant, the German philosopher, while lecturing, had the habit of fixing his attention upon one of his auditors who wore a garment without a button in a particular place. One day the student had the button sewed on. Kant, on commencing his lecture, fixed his eyes on

the usual place. The button was there! Fancy the consternation of the philosopher, whose ideas had become associated with that buttonless garment. His lecture that day was detestable: he was quite unhinged by the circumstance.

Too many authors have been fond of the bottle. Rabelais said, "Eating and drinking are my true sources of inspiration. See this bottle! It is my true and only Helicon, my cabalistic fountain, my sole enthusiasm. Drinking, I deliberate; and deliberating, I drink." Ennius, Eschylus, and Cato, all got their inspiration while drinking. Mezerai had always a large bottle of wine beside him, among his books. He drank of it at each page that he wrote. He turned the night into day; and never composed except by lamp-light, even in the day-time. All his windows were darkened; and it was no unusual thing for him to show a friend to the door with a lamp, though outside it was broad daylight! On the contrary, Varillas, the historian, never wrote except at full mid-day. His ideas, he imagined, grew and declined with the sun's light.

Sir William Blackstone is said to have composed his *Commentaries* with a bottle of wine on the table, from which he drank largely at intervals: and Addison, while composing, used to pace to and fro the long drawing-room of Holland House, with a glass of sherry at each end, and rewarded himself by drinking one in case of a felicitous inspiration.

While Goldsmith wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*, he kept drinking at Madeira "to drown care," for the Duns were upon him. When Johnson called to relieve him, he sent away the bottle, and took the manuscript to the bookseller, bringing back some money to the author. Goldsmith's first use of the money was, to call in the landlady to have a glass of punch with him.

The intemperance of poets is but too painfully illustrated in the lives of Parnell, Otway, Sheffield, Savage, Churchill, Prior, Dryden, Cowley, Burns, Coleridge, Lamb, and others. There is nothing more painful in Burns's letters, than those in which he confesses his contrition after his drunken bouts, and vows amendment for the future.

Charles Lamb was a great smoker at one period of his life. But he determined to give it up, as he found it led to drinking—to "drinking egg-flip hot, at the Salutation"—so he wrote his "Farewell to Tobacco," and gave it up—returning to it again, but finally abandoning it. In a letter to Wordsworth, he said, "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and my morning curse for these five years; and you know how difficult it is from refraining to pick one's lips even, when it has become a habit. I have had it in my head to write this poem [Farewell to Tobacco] these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light, when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises."

Once, in the light of Lamb's smoking fever, he was puffing the smoke of strong coarse tobacco from a clay pipe, in the company of Dr. Parr, who whiffed only the finest weed, when the latter, addressing Lamb, asked, "Dear me, sir, how is it that you have acquired so prodigious a smoking power?" "I have acquired it," answered Lamb, "by toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue."

It was from frequenting the society of Dr. Parr, that Robert Hall, the famous preacher, when at Cambridge, acquired the habit of smoking. He smoked in self-defense. Some one asked him why he had commenced such an odious habit. "O," said Hall, "I am qualifying myself for the society of a Doctor of Divinity; and this [holding up the pipe] is the test of my admission." A friend found him busy with his pipe one day, blowing huge clouds of smoke. "Ah," said the new-comer, "I find you again at your old idol." "Yes," said Hall, "*burning it!*" But his friends were anxious that he should give up the practice, and one of them presented him with Adam Clarke's pamphlet on *The Use and Abuse of Tobacco*, to read. He read the pamphlet, and returned it to the lender, saying, as if to preclude discussion, "Thank you, sir, for Adam Clarke's pamphlet. I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking."

Among other smokers of distinction may be named the poet Milton, whose nightcap was a pipe of tobacco and a glass of pure water. But he was exceedingly moderate in the indulgence of this "vice." Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the use of this weed into England, smoked frequently; and the anecdote of his servant, who emptied a bucket of water on him, thinking he was on fire, because he saw the smoke issuing from his mouth, is very well known. Many other poets and literary men have smoked. Carlyle, at this day, blows a tremendous cloud.

Southey's indulgence at bedtime, was a glass of hot rum punch, enriched with a little black currant jelly. Byron wrote under the influence of gin and water. Coleridge took immoderate quantities of opium. Gluck, the musical composer, wrote with a bottle of Champagne beside him—Sacchini, when his wife was by his side, and his numerous cats gamboling about him.

Other authors have found relaxation in other ways. Thus Daguesseau, when he wanted relaxation from the study of jurisprudence and history, betook himself to a pair of compasses and a book of mathematics. Richelieu amused himself by playing with cats, and studying their tricks. Cowper had his tame hares. Sir Walter Scott was always attended by his favorite dogs. Professor Wilson, at this day, is famous for his terriers.

Alfieri, like Luther and Milton, found the greatest solace and inspiration in music. "Nothing," said he, so moves my heart, and soul, and intellect, and rouses my very faculties, like music—and especially the music of woman's voice. Almost all my tragedies have been conceived under the immediate emotion caused by music." Voltaire took pleasure in the opera—not so Thomas Carlyle, as you may have seen—and there dictated some of his most brilliant letters.

But the foibles of men of genius are endless; and would be a curious subject for some D'Israeli, in a future volume of the *Curiosities of Literature*, to depict at length, if the subject be indeed worth the required amount of pains and labor.

It is oftentimes the case that men learn from the follies and failures of others to keep a clear course themselves. Hence it might be a book of profit

which would detail great men's weaknesses, and thus plant a beacon-light for future voyagers on the sea of letters and the sea of life. Such a light would never be found amiss. Why not have it?

THE BURNING SHIP AT SEA

BY SEBA SMITH.

The night was clear and mild,
And the breeze went softly by,
And the stars of heaven smil'd
As their lamps lit up the sky;
And there rode a gallant ship on the wave—
But many a hapless wight
Slept the sleep of death that night,
And before the morning light
Found a grave.

All were sunk in soft repose,
Save the watch upon the deck;
Not a boding dream arose
Of the horrors of the wreck,
To the mother, or the child, or the sire;
Till a shriek of woe profound,
Like a death-knell echo'd round,
With a wild and dismal sound,
Crying "fire!"

Now the flames are spreading fast—
With resistless rage they fly,
Up the shrouds and up the mast,
And are flickering to the sky;
Now the deck is all a blaze; now the rails—
There's no place to rest their feet;
Fore and aft the torches meet,
And a winged lightning sheet
Are the sails.

No one heard the cry of woe
But the sea-bird that flew by,
There was hurrying to and fro,
But no hand to save was nigh;
Still before the burning foe they were driven—
Last farewells were uttered there,
With a wild and frenzied stare,
And a short and broken prayer
Sent to heaven.

Some leap over in the flood
To the death that waits them there;
Others quench the flames with blood,
And expire in open air;
Some a moment to escape from the grave,
On the bowsprit take a stand;
But their death is near at hand—
Soon they hug the burning brand
On the wave.

From this briny ocean-bed,
When the morning sun awoke,
Lo, that gallant ship had fled!
And a sable cloud of smoke
Was the monumental pyre that remained;
But the sea-gulls round it fly
With a quick and fearful cry,
And the brands that floated by
Blood had stained.

LONG SERMONS.

As a general thing a sermon which exceeds forty minutes in length exceeds all bounds of propriety, and all sensible men acknowledge this. John Wesley thought that a discourse of over twenty or thirty minutes long was a profitless thing. Why, then, is it that we still have sermons of fifty, sixty, and even a hundred to a hundred and fifty minutes in length?

New Books.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AS IT IS. By W. L. G. Smith. Buffalo: Derby & Co. Cincinnati: H. W. Derby & Co.—This work, of over five hundred pages, which we have read with some care, is intended as a counterpart, or rather as an antidote, to Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life Among the Lowly." Honestly, we must say the work is written in an indifferent, slovenly manner. Its sole end seems to be to show how well satisfied one poor slave in the far south was with his degraded condition, and how well satisfied another *might* be if surrounded by certain circumstances. We regret the time wasted in its perusal, and hope that we may not be induced soon again to perpetrate such folly. Who buys and reads this book, will buy and read it to his pocket's hurt and his mind's sorrow.

NEW RHETORICAL READER AND ELOCUTIONIST. By W. H. Gilder, A. M. New York: J. C. Riker. 1852.—The compiler of this work is well known to the public, especially the Methodist public. The work contains numerous pieces for reading and declamation, selected from the choicest writings of British and American authors, and designed for the use of schools and colleges. In the introduction we have the essential principles of elocution simplified and explained in accordance with the instructions of the best modern elocutionists. In our judgment, the compilation is one of the very best of its kind now before the American or literary public. We should be glad to see our instructors give it a fair examination and trial.

THE NORTHERN HARP: containing Songs from the St. Lawrence and the Forest Melodies. By Marion Albina Bigelow. Derby & Miller: Auburn, N. Y. 1852.—To the readers of the Repository Mrs. Bigelow is well, and we believe very favorably known. The Harp is edited by Mrs. Bigelow's husband, Rev. A. F. Bigelow, of western New York. In the words of the closing paragraph of the preface, "We believe that these poems, so true to nature, and so free from obscure allusions, will find an echoing chord in the hearts of thousands. They are offered to the public without apologies. The reader will be able to find here a few bad rhymes, some faults in metre, and some prosaic sentences; so he could in the best volume of poetry now extant."

THE LIVES OF BISHOPS WHATCOAT, M'KENDREE, AND GEORGE. By Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1852.—Though written for the Sunday school department of our Church, this little volume will be welcomed very generally as a fireside companion by persons of mature growth. It is a memorial of the lives of three of the earliest and most devoted and distinguished laborers in the field of American Methodism. The volume is marked by a gracefulness of style and a truthfulness of narrative which can not fail to recommend it to the favorable consideration of the reader.

MY FIRST SEVEN YEARS IN AMERICA. By Rev. George Coles. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1852.—Mr. Coles, it will be remembered, was formerly assistant editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal. He writes with a graceful, facile pen, and we have in the volume before us ordinary events described with extraordinary felicity.

LOTUS EATING. By G. W. Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This book, with its strange title, is not at all a book of strange narrative or a picture of foreign travel. It is descriptive of jaunts up and down the Hudson river, among the heights and glens of the Catskill Mountains, to Niagara, Saratoga, etc. Its style is highly captivating and poetical, full of vivacity and interest, and in typographical neatness is unsurpassed. For a leisure hour it will afford fine reading, indeed. Mr. Curtis, it may be proper to remark, has traveled extensively at home and abroad, and what he furnishes his reader is furnished in no second-rate style.

THE WIDOW'S SOUVENIR. By A. C. Rose. New York: Carlton & Phillips. 1852.—This is a neat miniature volume of one hundred and twenty-eight pages, containing matter suitable to the feelings of those who are left in that peculiarly lonely condition expressed by the word *widow*.

Periodicals.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW, for July, is a most capital and instructive number. The article on Birds, and that on Methodist Preaching, by Rev. Abel Stevens, to the popular reader will prove a great treat. Than the latter paper we have rarely ever read any thing more brilliant or captivating. It sketches with a master hand the lives of Summerfield, Cookman, Bascom, Fisk, and Olin. We should pity, indeed, the man or the woman who after its perusal did not feel a holier emotion and a more ardent desire to promote Christ's kingdom in the earth. Dr. McClintock is winning laurels, not only in our own connection, but throughout the land, by his able and successful editorial management of the Quarterly.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, devoted to Religion, Literature, and Art, is the name of the new monthly ordered to be published at New York by the last General conference. It is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the periodical to state, that Rev. Abel Stevens, the editor, maintains undiminished his usual skill, tact, and taste in his new sphere of labor. The typography of the work is almost faultless, its wood-cuts good, and its general appearance every way attractive. We shall refer to it again soon.

HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE, for August, among numerous other articles, has a couple of paragraphs on the adulteration of coffee in Paris, from which we learn that a paste is prepared by a manufactory there of about the consistency of dough for bread. This paste, made of valueless flour, is molded into shape like the coffee bean, and then baked till it takes the color of parched coffee. Being mixed with the genuine article, it sells at a fine advance, is seldom or never detected, and helps to make plausible the story that coffee prepared after the French fashion, if not exactly of the ordinary, has at least a *very* peculiar flavor!

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for September, sustains its wonted high character, and is replete with articles, grave and gay, from the editor and his contributors.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, for July, in its list of twelve articles, contains one entitled the Restoration of Belief, which we have glanced over, and which, we regret to add, only confirms our previous view of the gradual but certain sliding of this quarterly into the lowest depths of skepticism.

THE LIVING AGE, No. 431, among a large variety of well-selected articles, has a poetical fragment called Life, from which we take two stanzas:

"If the tiny stream be dry,
Trickling no more merrily
The green fields and woodlands over,
But lies beneath its cover—
Then the river, sluggish, weary,
Scarce moves on its pathway dreary.
Thus if each swift day no more
Yield its tribute to life's store,
If each little act be slighted,
And at night, its torch unlighted,
Beam not with truth and glory,
Life will be an idle story."

ELIZA COOK, for July, is, as usual, filled with good things. Here is a paragraph on how happiness may be attained: "There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter at least mortal happiness—it is this, a *sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others*. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have *all* scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and *none* for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever our failure, virtue not selfishness in our regret; and, in success, vanity itself will become holy and triumph eternal."

THE WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, published monthly at London, can be furnished to subscribers at Cincinnati or the vicinity at three dollars per year.

Editor's Table.

THE printer says he must have our Table—not the veritable, scratched-up, venerable old piece of pine which holds up our sand-box and inkstand, but the full sum, and the sum total of one hundred and forty-eight lines of matter, with which to eke out the last page of this number that now, considerate lady, lies before you. “Must have copy?” well, of course, we must write some then, albeit we feel very little in the mood. “Of course”—whose hobby, except our own, are these words? How many men there are, specially public speakers, who are forever using the words “of course,” “therefore,” “wherefore,” etc.? Every body has a hobby—some have it in words, some in one thing, and some in another. Of the philosophical Paley it is said that angling was his hobby. He could impale an antagonist on the horns of a dilemma, although he much preferred impaling a minnow or fish on his hook. Of another excellent though less distinguished English clergyman, Rev. George Har-vest, it is recorded that on his marriage morning, when he ought to have been at the altar in the gay trim of a bridegroom, he was found sitting in a state of dishabille, crowned with a worsted wig and a red night-cap, and his pockets crammed with pieces of bacon and fish-worms, by the side of a small brook, he having utterly forgotten the trifling engagement he had made with the lady, who from that time forth resigned her claims on George, and told him that, as he loved fish and fishing better than her, she should not trouble him, or in the least interrupt his devotions toward his finny friends.

Various as men and the tastes of men are the hobbies in this world. One man's hobby is his books. Every thing new or rare in the publishing line must be purchased and placed on his shelves, though the purchaser may never have time for any thing but a hasty perusal of the title-page. Another man's hobby is his pictures. Every nook and corner of his house has a painting or engraving in it. Every book and box is crammed with some rare, antique, or singular picture. He is learned, ay, extremely learned, in oils and paints, in brushes and canvas. His reverence for the old masters is profound; but if a modern painting have dust or cobwebs over it, it is possible his consideration for his hobby may suffer him to be taken in. A third believes in autographs. Every man he meets he pesters for his handwriting. His old copy-book is full of lines, marks, and signatures. He is always alive to his subject—always wishing an introduction to some great man—always a bore. A fourth has music as his hobby. Nothing but sound suits him. Literature, love, the arts, nothing except his own selected art, has any attractions for him. But without swelling our list of hobbies to an unreasonable extent, are they of any use at all? Who will answer? Perhaps they answer some good end. For what would become of the printers and authors if no man bought more books than he could read? What would become of the multitude of pictures and paintings in the world if none but amateurs or good judges bought them?

Propos to this subject, a correspondent asks why it is that there are so many men in these modern days who are seeking after large and beautifully sounding titles. “For instance in the use of the title D. D., Mr. Editor, I am just now in great perplexity. I am strongly desirous of honoring all men in the best way I know, and to the full extent of their merits. But how am I to proceed? What am I to do when two or more of our time-honored universities, in the superabundance of their good-will, confer the second pair of D. D.'s upon gifted clergymen? How am I to act when I write to a great and good man, and I know several such, who flourish under the advantage of two sets of D. D.'s? Shall I, for example, in addressing a clergyman by the name of Theophilus Smith, write his name thus, ‘Rev. Theophilus Smith, D. D., D. D.’ or ‘Rev. Theophilus Smith, 4 D.’ or ‘Rev. Dr. Theophilus Smith, D. D.’ or ‘D. D. Theophilus Smith, D. D.’? What is to be done? I am at a loss to know what to do. I see by some of the newspapers that this same subject which now puzzles me is also puzzling and distressing others. As you, Mr. Editor, are a man of sagacity—pardon any personal allusions or compliments—I thought I would write you, so as in some measure to unburden my mind, though I confess that your time, in my estimation, is

too much taken up to discuss the subject to that extent which its great magnitude demands.”

Our correspondent is right in his guesses, and we must leave to less occupied pens and better heads the true development of the two topics just briefly alluded to in the foregoing paragraphs. So plenty and so cheap are titles nowadays, that a man with no title will, of necessity, have to be considered the honorable exception, and treated with that deference which his isolated position demands.

Our engravings for the month must proclaim their own merits. Cincinnati is entirely new, having been engraved from a drawing gotten up by our enterprising friend Middleton, Walnut-street. It presents our city just as it now is, and will improve upon close inspection, although at first glance it does not make a bad impression at all.

When will parents learn the folly of frightening children in order to the proper management of them? In a recent number of a foreign monthly we find a long article on Child Fears, in which the writer cites several instances of the awful effects of using fright as a corrective of disobedience and the like. An incident is given of a small child being frightened to death by having an old white bag stuffed and placed at the foot of its bed. Its mother had gone out to spend the evening, and the servant-girl, wishing also to spend the evening with some of her friends who had called upon her, determined she would not be teased with the restlessness of the sleepy little child. So taking it into its mother's bed-room, the innocent thing was placed at the head of the bed, and the bag or apparition at the foot. At the return of the mother early in the evening, she hurried to embrace her infant, when what was her horror in beholding its hands outstretched, its eyes wide open and still and glassy, and life entirely fled! That servant-girl would have been served right had a death-warrant been issued on her, or had she been arrested and imprisoned for life. Nothing looks so absurd and contemptible as the practice common with many parents of telling their children when disobedient or troublesome that the black man will come and take them off. On the part of the child it excites a groundless fear, and on the part of the parent it is the commission of a deliberate falsehood, as no black man will come whatever the conduct of the child. Out upon the father or mother who, to purchase a temporary peace, or to stop a little peevishness or fretfulness in a child, will resort to such pernicious and ruinous measures of discipline!

Two numbers more and we complete the twelfth volume of our periodical. With regard to the future, or in reference to any particular circumstances surrounding us, we do not deem it necessary to speak at large. Competition, it is said in mercantile circles, is the life of trade. We hope, whatever of this we may have, to afford as heretofore to our readers the very best that we may be able to procure, and to make due recompense of all that we receive. We shall spare no effort to render the Repository instructive and attractive. In order to success, however, we must have the hearty co-operation of our patrons and friends. We trust that all such will lend us a prompt helping hand. Now more than ever we need their co-operation, and most cordially will we thank them for it. Friends and brethren, unite with us in making the Repository all that such a periodical should be, and all that our wives and daughters demand of us. It can be done. Nothing is wanting but a vigorous, united effort to place it in the front rank of American periodical literature. Let us not see it fail for want of proper exertion on the part of the members and ministry of our Church. Let us do what we can do and what we ought to do, and not yield ourselves to supineness or indolence in this good cause.

Mrs. Stowe's “Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly,” has surpassed in its circulation any other American work with whose title we are familiar. Several editions have been gotten up in England and Canada, and over one hundred thousand copies, or more than two hundred thousand volumes, as the work is two-volumed, have been disposed of. She has netted some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars cash herself already, and the end is not yet. Mrs. Stowe is a daughter of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher.

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St. John's Bay

